

N. Y. Beach.

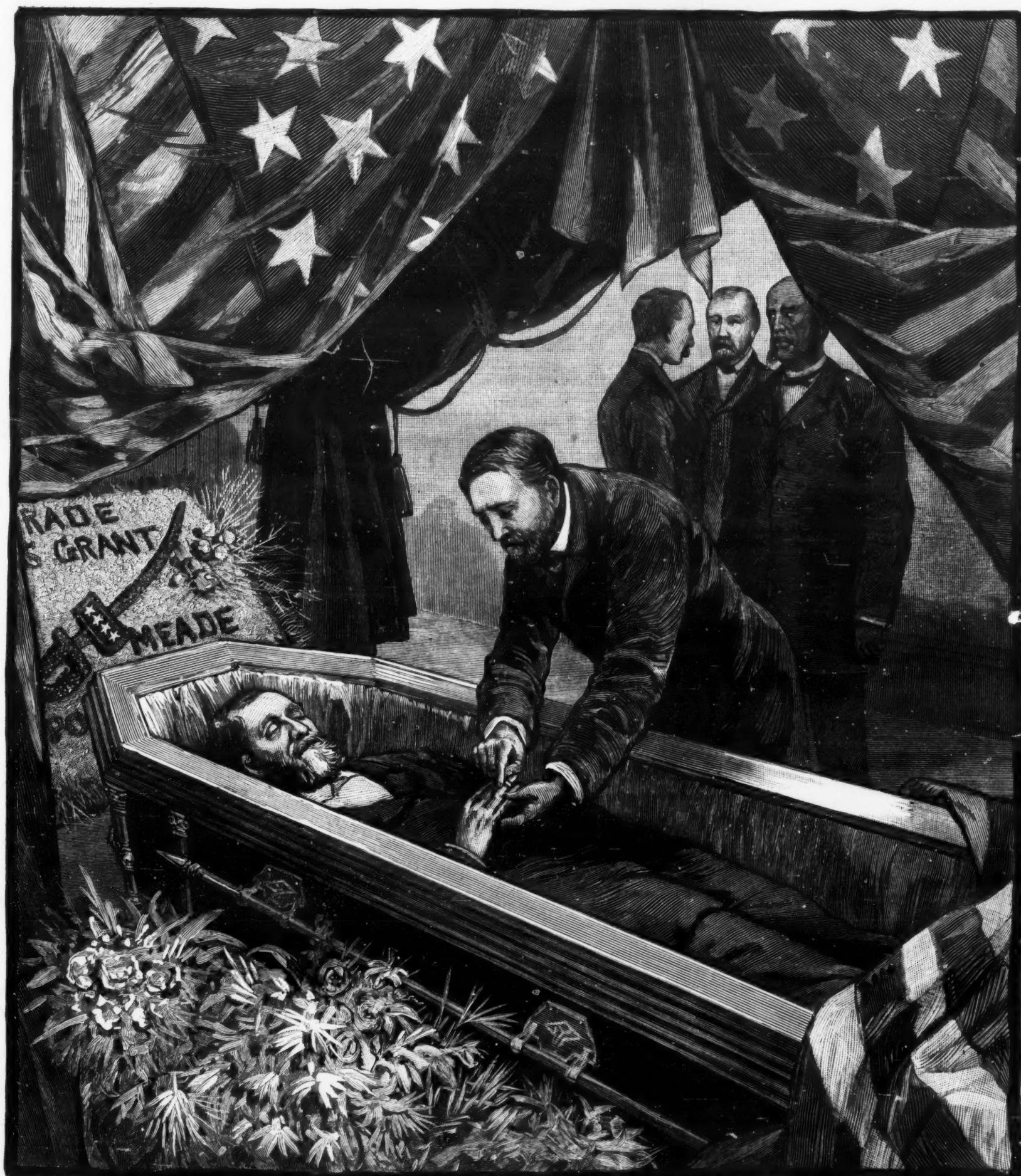
FRANK LESLIE'S THE NATION MOURNS NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,559.—Vol. LX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 8, 1885.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.—THE CATAFALQUE AT MOUNT MCGREGOR—COL. FRED GRANT PLACING A FAVORITE RING ON THE FINGER OF HIS DEAD FATHER.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 403.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1885.

THE HERO'S MONUMENT.

NOTHING could be more appropriate than the selection of New York city as the site of the tomb of the nation's greatest general. Only three other places were seriously thought of—Galena, an inland town where Grant lived for two or three years of his life when he could not afford to live anywhere else; West Point, a sequestered military school; and Washington, the National Capital. The little town of Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the hero happened to be born, might have put in a better claim than any of these to his ashes.

The fact is, General Grant belongs to the nation, and so he ought to be buried and have a great tomb set up at the nation's real capital. This real capital is not the exposed city on the banks of the Potomac where the nation's laws are made, but New York city, the conspicuous centre of all the country's vital interests. Here converge all the lines of travel, and all the tendencies of social and commercial movement. No other American city is visited by one-half as many people as this. Napoleon's grave is in Paris; and everybody knows that Shakespeare's grave ought to be in London instead of Stratford-on-Avon.

The hill at Riverside Park, overlooking the calm reaches of the Hudson, will form a magnificent pedestal for the sepulchre of General Grant. As he was no common man, and as he is regarded with no common gratitude, so ought his sleeping-place to be marked by no common monument. No shaft of granite or marble, no massive monolith, no heap of hewn rocks—but something much more elaborate and significant. Grant's mausoleum should be in a magnificent building erected for the purpose; and, to be in harmony with the spirit of the age, this building should have utility. It cannot be made a Westminster Abbey, or a Dome des Invalides, for this is a land of religious freedom; nor can it be a mere Pantheon, built solely to cover the bones of the mighty dead. It might be a spacious library, or, better yet, a great scientific, art or industrial school, accessible to pupils of the entire country on severe competitive examination. In its centre, on the first floor, open always to the public, should be the tomb of Grant. This might be constructed perhaps somewhat like the tomb of Napoleon, under the Dome of the Old Soldiers' Hospital. A circular marble balustrade surrounds a depression in the marble floor, some twenty feet deep and fifty feet across, at the bottom of which stands the sarcophagus that contains the ashes of the great Emperor—a single block of variegated granite from Russia, weighing thirteen tons. Around this open vault, on pedestals, are many of the tattered flags captured in his battles, and opening out of it is a sepulchral chapel containing personal relics of Napoleon. The entrance to the tomb is exceedingly grand, down two winding marble staircases, and on either side stand the sepulchral urns of Duroc and Bertrand, his most faithful friends.

Something quite as rich and imposing ought to be built for Grant—a structure that shall be an education in architectural design. Indeed, it could be made much finer for half the money, for the tomb of Napoleon is an awkward graft upon an old hospital. In Italy, poor, indeed, compared with America, the people are about to rear a memorial temple to Victor Emmanuel far surpassing in magnificence and expense the tomb of Napoleon. Let us hope that the New York Committee will seek for a plan which combines artistic attractiveness with utility, and that they will finally adopt a memorial worthy of the name and achievements of the greatest soldier of his generation.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

TRADE is slowly improving. It is true that the manufacture of cotton goods is being reduced at the South, as it has been at the East, and that the great grain markets of the West are overstocked, owing to the dullness of the foreign trade; the supply of cereals on the Atlantic seaboard is, moreover, surprisingly large, considering the fact that there is a marked decrease in the yield, for instance, of wheat. Nevertheless the commercial situation is slowly but surely improving. The time is near at hand when harvesting will become general, when large sums will be sent West to move the crops, and when, even if there is no marked increase in general trade, there will undoubtedly be a noticeable augmentation as compared with the present volume of business.

Money is still unusually plentiful, rates of interest are low, and energetic efforts are being made to settle the difficulties which have so long existed among the rival railroads of the country. The railroads are making every effort to bring about a uniformity in freight rates to the end that the lines may be run at a profit; this means higher rates than 3.7 mills a ton for freight carried a mile, and more than one cent a mile for passengers. An advance on these rates will entail an advance in the

prices of general merchandise, and the ultimate effect will be to stimulate trade. Interior traders have refused to purchase to any large extent in the great distributing centres for many months past, giving as a reason that the freight rates were low, that business was dull, and that all the indications pointed to lower prices. If business can once be brought up out of the slough of despond in which it has been so long, there need be no fear of its falling back into the same state for years to come.

The silver question, however, should not be ignored; the pernicious practice of coining \$2,000,000 monthly should be stopped. The channels of business are choked with silver. Let the other evils which have weighed upon business be remedied by the merchants themselves; namely—overtrading, the undue extension of credits, negotiating paper through note-brokers, and, in a word, getting beyond a safe depth in an undue haste to be rich. No more railroads should be built at present, and railroads and corporations of all sorts should content themselves with smaller dividends.

CAMPING OUT.

DOUBTLESS there are among our readers not a few hard-working business men and weary clerks who are looking with eager hopes to the August vacation that is yet to come. To such we beg to say that they cannot put their fortnight or month of rest to a better use than in camping out.

Camping out may really be said to be one of the few delightful things that has not gone out. The very word suggests even to the least enterprising and prosaic, a touch of that romance which now seems confined to fairy tale existence. It is the one amusement left us where the spirit of adventure still finds play. What party of campers but come home with wonderful tales? Were there ever such disasters, such surprises, such countless adventures? Were there ever such scouts as their scouts, such guides as those attached to their particular party? As for the stories, and the dinners, and the jokes, it is safe to say a two weeks' camping excursion will supply the campers for several years with a reservoir of good things.

But the uses and delights of camping out are not alone to be counted as admirable because of the good times it is sure to bring. Laughter and fun are much, but health is even more. And that health waits and attends and remains with those who walk the woods, fish the wild streams, cook their own food, wash their own dishes, make their own fires, and then lie down on their odorous beds of pine to sleep the sleep of the deliciously tired, needs no proving in these days of the Adirondack craze. A month of such a life means a year of harvested gains. The whole man is built up. The muscles are toughened, the tissues nourished, the blood enriched by those long tramping marches, the breathing of that glorious air, the living of that wild, free, open life. But there are other gains quite as invaluable though perhaps less palpable at first.

This life in the woods, this nearness to nature; the waking at the first blush of the rosy-tinted dawn; the long, deep, breathless silences of the night, with no sound but the breathing of the wind, or the wild sighing of the sea; the meeting with the rough, rugged mountaineers, and all the other features of that life of naturalness and beauty—all this helps the town-bred merchant to learn more of nature, and of human nature, than all his college text-books. Certain words bear a different meaning now. He has learned something of the uses of solitude. He has learned still more of the healing powers of nature. The scale of his pleasures has gained one more note, perhaps the one which of all others will bring out the purest, sweetest, deepest music.

ON TRIAL.

SEVERAL alleged offenders are on trial at this writing: President Cleveland; Aquilla Jones, the Postmaster at Indianapolis; and the laws of Congress for the government of the Civil Service. It is alleged by a responsible local committee that Mr. Jones has willfully violated these rules; that he has without cause removed Republican clerks in his office and appointed in their places violent Democratic partisans, without subjecting them to a competitive examination as the law requires; and that, in fact, in ascertaining their competency, the regular Civil Service Board was not represented. Jones is Vice-president Hendricks's postmaster, and it is claimed that, in ordering a wholesale discharge of Republican employees and the appointment in their places of lively henchmen of the party in power, he was encouraged and supported by the Vice-president, who sought, in this way, to force an open quarrel with the President, whose general policy he has been known to speak of contemptuously. This report is, perhaps, exaggerated; but the fact that the Civil Service Commissioners have entered upon an investigation by direction of the President seems to suggest that there is a real basis for the charge.

The question now is: Will the Vice-president set up a party in opposition to his superior?—is the Crown Prince to head the hostility to the throne? It is obvious that the Democratic party is seriously divided as to the wisdom of Mr. Cleveland's policy, and that a vast majority of its members despise the system of competitive examination for office, and are in open or secret sympathy with Messrs.

Hendricks and Jones. It is declared that in Indiana the Democrats are almost a unit in their support, and Senator Voorhees has offered his services to the postmaster gratuitously, and offered to "make the case his own," both at home and in the Senate. Mr. Jones denies that he has violated the law, and courts inquiry. As presiding officer of the Senate, Mr. Hendricks will find himself the inevitable centre of the party malcontents and marplots; and it is believed that Democrats in Congress will make a serious effort at the coming session to effect a repeal of the Civil Service Laws which Mr. Cleveland has repeatedly approved, and which he has, with more or less energy, been trying to enforce. If this attack is made on the Administration, it may succeed in splitting the Democratic party, and even placing in a minority for a time the "Mugwump President," as the spoils wing unhesitatingly calls Mr. Cleveland, but it can scarcely result in destroying the Civil Service Laws. These were passed by a union of the more thoughtful elements of both parties, in obedience to a popular demand, and Republicans will stand by the reform—at least enough of them to perpetuate it. If such a fight comes, it will scarcely be the fault of Mr. Cleveland. The Administration will not be "Tylerized," but the party that elected him will have become perfidious to its trust in attempting to crush him for enforcing the laws he is sworn to execute. It may be remarked in this connection that Secretary Lamar has written to Dorman P. Eaton, Chairman of the Civil Service Commission, a most cordial letter, showing that he is earnestly co-operating in the enforcement of the measures for competitive appointment.

Few Congressmen sincerely like the Civil Service Law; for the spoils system enabled Congressmen to keep a grip on their places, whether they were worthily filled or not—to control nominating conventions in spite of the people, by their official heelers and stocked delegations. Under its operation, every Administration Congressman could, and usually did, levy a sort of blackmail on every office-holder in his district, saying to him, "Your support or your place!" Naturally Democrats out of office do not like their present status. Congressman Hill, of Ohio, is reported as saying: "I shall vote to repeal the Civil Service Act. I know of but two United States Senators who will not vote for its repeal, and every Democratic representative west of the Alleghenies will." This is no doubt an extravagant statement of the case, which, however, in its best aspect, is ominous of disaster. But the President does not seem to be alarmed by the fact that he will probably have to make a contest to retain the support of his own party for a measure of fair-play and justice, the earnest approval of which gave him his election. Judging from appearances, he seems imperturbable; but he is in possession of the fortress, and activity will of course first be exhibited by the assaulting party. Meantime it behooves us to watch the assembling of Clan Hendricks in response to the bugle of Aquilla Jones.

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER.

IN an address before the New York Chamber of Commerce, at its recent meeting to take some action in regard to General Grant, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew made a statement which has awakened considerable interest. In the course of his remarks Mr. Depew said:

"There is connected with General Grant an unwritten history, in my judgment, quite as important in its results to this republic as any recorded. I said to him once, and I said to him in this last interview, for he had told me the story before: 'I regard it as a duty, General, which you owe to our country, to place upon record what you did and what you refused to do during that crisis.' But it is, as I understand, left unrecorded, because in his last moments he did not wish to cause any who might have been opposed to him or might have been wronged at that period pain by direct accusation of his; and yet there was a time just at the conclusion of the war when but for the firmness of General Grant this country would have been plunged into the throes of another rebellion—short, sharp, and decisive it may be, but no man can tell what will result from a crisis in revolutionary times like that. I have not the time now to detail the circumstances, and they might lead to controversy if I did, but if no one else shall write the story, I will write it as he told it to me."

In an interview with a *World* reporter, a day or two later, Mr. Depew declined to make any definite statement as to the important incident to which he referred in his speech beyond a declaration that it "concerned the troublous times when there was a change of Administration." He based his refusal to speak more explicitly on the circumstance that the facts were possibly communicated by General Grant to certain of his more intimate friends, from whom an authoritative statement may presently be expected, but he added that if these shall not speak, he will, after a proper delay, fulfill his promise to give the whole story to the public. It is to be hoped that, in the multitude of business and professional cares, Mr. Depew will not forget to do what he promises. The people have a supreme interest in every historical fact which touches the relation of General Grant to the transition period of our national life, and every man who is the repository of facts of this character, not yet given to the world, owes it to the memory of the dead hero, no less than to the general public, to make them known.

IRISH INDUSTRIES.

THE report presented last week to Parliament by the Select Committee on Irish Industries, marks the first legislative advance in an Irish movement which by-and-by is bound to eclipse in interest and magnitude the long-agitated agrarian movement. The report, as read

by the chairman of the committee, Sir Eardly Wilmot, declares that all Irish industries, with the single exception of the linen manufacture, are in a deplorable condition. This is but putting the endorsement of Parliament to what Irish economists have declared over and over again.

The great internal question of the future in Ireland will not be the land question, but the manufactures question. The land question has been foremost in Ireland simply because Ireland has had no manufacturing industries, and has had, consequently, to depend altogether on the land. And the contention, long held by Irish Nationalists, is established by the evidence given before this committee, viz.: that Ireland is without manufactures in consequence of the jealous legislation directly aimed at her industrial resources by England during the past two centuries.

To undo the sinister work of that legislation will be the first and the greatest task of the Irish statesman after he has won Home Rule. The petty remedies suggested by Sir Eardly Wilmot, such as spreading technical education, and improving railway facilities, though commendable measures, are in reality no remedies at all. The measures demanded for the revival of manufacturing industries in Ireland must be heroic, and will be quite likely to raise a mighty strife among the Free Trade and Protectionist doctrinaires in the United Kingdom. There is a section of Irish politicians who openly say that the first Bill an Irish Parliament should pass is a Bill providing a protective tariff; and it is scarcely to be doubted that a good deal of the reluctance of the Liberal party to grant unconditional Home Rule to Ireland arises from the fear that the Irish, to nourish their industries, would not hesitate about violating that most sacred of the dogmas of English Liberalism—Free Trade.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

THERE has been much written and more said, of late years, concerning the "Summer girl." We have all seen her at the watering-places. A vision of loveliness, a floating cloud of tulle or some light, gauzy material; she has glided along the hotel verandas, circled around the ballroom in the mazy waltz, or reclined in the stern-sheets of some light rowboat sailing over the waters of a moonlit lake. Whence she comes or whither she goes at the beginning and end of the season, no one knows. She belongs only to the time of outing, and is as much a part and attribute of the warm weather as are the dragon-flies that skim through the heated air, or the humming-bird that flashes its way in drowsy waves from flower to flower. Did we know her origin or her destiny, the illusion, the charm that surrounds her would vanish. We accept her as she is; we look not for constancy in her character; we seek not for intellectual gifts. She charms our senses only—not the mind. Her flashing eyes and rosy cheeks, her ripe red lips and pearly teeth, her lithe form and happy laughter, all combine to form a picture set in a frame of Summer bloom and joyousness.

She is no new creation. From time immemorial she has existed with the butterflies. She is, in fact, a human butterfly, and differs from her prototype of the insect world only in that no man knoweth where the chrysalis, from which she emerges, exists until this day. We have always thought that Sir Joshua Reynolds selected Summer girls as his models, for where else could he have gotten the rosy cheeks and lips, the rich colored hair and expression of artless innocence, that beam upon us from the fresh portraits he painted?

But while no one land can claim the Summer girl exclusively as its own, America is peculiarly the country of her love and choice. Here she exists in greater numbers than scientists have been able to discover anywhere else. It is said that Washington is next to the watering-places, the one city of the Union most highly favored by the Summer girl. When the long Winter is over, and Spring succeeding glides into Summer; when

"The bullfrog takes up his fiddle,
And the frog and the cricket begin,
When afar and wide o'er the marshes
The musquito kicks up his din—"

then does the Summer girl descend upon the capital city even as do the reed-birds on Southern meadows after the first easterly storm in Spring. The promenades are crowded with graceful forms, and the city from a distance seems dotted with fleets of fleecy cotton. All through the burning days and torrid evenings the Summer girl makes Washington lively and attractive, and when October comes vanishes as quickly as she came.

At the chief watering-places of the country her methods are the same. She comes, she shines, and then again departs, even as a dream. Her more substantial sisters gaze upon her in despair. Of what avail are all their charms and wiles against the Summer girl? They are of the earth, earthly; she is of the Summer, summery. The average man she enslaves at once. He falls prostrate before her and murmurs, after the manner of the priests to Baal, "Oh, hear us!" But her conquest is only transitory. The slave soon returns to his right mind and girl, and thereafter looks upon the Summer girl only as we have described her, an attribute of the season, a thing to be admired but beyond, never. What cares the Summer girl for this? Her loves are themselves transitory. She has no lasting affection, and she glories in it. She is content to dance, to flirt, to fulfill her short-lived destiny, knowing well that the Winter wherein no Summer girl can exist, comes apace.

It may be that with our growing civilization, America will in time evolve a Summer man. Then, perhaps, shall we be able to learn more of the Summer girl and of her Winter haunts. Until that time, however, we shall have to wait, content with the charm the Summer girl adds to our mid-year seasons.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

NEGOTIATIONS in reference to the Afghan boundary question have been suspended, by assent of England, until Russia obtains a report of the topographic survey which has been ordered of Zulfikar Pass. It is not to be assumed, however, from this action that England will recede from any demand she has made as to the disputed territory. In a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, on the 29th ult., Lord Salisbury eulogized, in a significant way, the policy of Beaconsfield in dealing with the Afghan question, and seemed to intimate a purpose to see it carried out. This policy, it will be remembered, proposed the establishment of a scientific frontier for India, and this done, to claim nothing more and accept nothing less. If Lord Salisbury shall formally commit himself to

that policy, we may be sure that more serious troubles will ensue than any that have yet marked the progress of this controversy. The English Government has extended the Quetta Railway some thirty miles, has accumulated there a large quantity of material, and is now about to make large purchases of animals in India.

There was a violent scene in the French Chamber of Deputies, one day last week, consequent upon an assault made by M. Clemenceau on the late Government's colonial policy, and especially upon M. Ferry, the ex-Premier. M. Clemenceau was interrupted many times, and the proceedings became disorderly, and finally tumultuous. Paul de Cassagnac was censured by the President for shouting that M. Ferry was an impudent fellow, and a fight between two other members was only prevented by the interference of third parties. The Chamber has voted the Madagascar credit, 291 to 142. The latest reports from Tamatave state that the island is tranquil, and that the French are gradually strengthening their position.—The Chinese Ambassador and President Grévy have exchanged congratulations over the restoration of friendship between the two countries.

Lord Randolph Churchill has undertaken to give his followers a lesson in discipline, and thereby caused some commotion in the ranks of the Tories. He had been announced as the principal speaker at the great Tory meeting in Liverpool on Wednesday, July 29th. At the last moment he withdrew, and the meeting had to be postponed. Lord Randolph telegraphed an expression of sympathy with the objects of the meeting, and plainly stated that he must decline to take part in it because the two Conservative members from Liverpool had in the House of Commons voted in disapproval of the Government's policy towards Ireland and on the Medical Relief Bill. This action caused great excitement in Liverpool, amongst the Tory delegates, who at once empowered one of their number to proceed to London in the name of the party, interview the spirited Lord Randolph, and induce him to deliver an address in Liverpool upon his own terms and at his own convenience. In the Conservative press there has been some resentment at the course of the young Indian Secretary; and the *Standard* thus ends a lively attack: "We will not sing the praises nor be bullied by this overgrown schoolboy virgin of middle age, without a man's sense. Lord Salisbury must decide soon, or Lord Churchill, having already worked irreparable harm to the Conservative Party, will ruin it altogether."

There is no abatement, but rather a steady increase, of the cholera ravages in Spain. The number of cases reported daily, last week, averaged 3,100, while the deaths reached nearly 1,300. There are now only a few provinces in which the scourge has not appeared, and there are grave fears that it will not be possible for the frontier districts of France to much longer escape its ravages.

The story of the death of the Mahdi, now fully confirmed, has an element of pathos. He was ill only two days, and he seems to have had no medical attendance whatever. But he was "game" to the last, enjoining that his successor should continue the war against the Christians without any abatement of vigor. The Mahdi left two infant sons. It is said that since his death his followers have been continually fighting among themselves.

The bulkiest document ever presented to the House of Commons was the petition of the Salvation Army in favor of the Criminal Law Amendment, which was laid before that body last week. To the Parliament building it was carried propped up in an open carriage drawn by four horses, and, after it had been technically deposited on the table, it was carried out of the house on the shoulders of four stalwart men. It is said to be three miles in length and to contain half a million signatures.

French official reports from the capital of Annam state that the situation of affairs is improving.—The Marquis of Salisbury has opened negotiations with the Porte for a Soudan expedition. It is said that the Sultan is willing to occupy the Eastern Soudan, on the condition that a part of the cost of the occupation shall be defrayed by Egypt, and the Porte be left with free hands in the settlement of the occupied provinces.—The subscription to the \$45,000,000 Egyptian loan aggregated four times the amount asked for. The whole loan was allotted to financial houses for gradual disposal at a premium.—The Pope, in an allocution delivered last week, entered a strong protest against Italian liberalism and French "obstruction."

It is said that Prince Bismarck and other potentates are to unite to restore Ismail Pasha to the throne of Egypt, to supersede the present Khédive, his son Tewfik. It would mark an advance. Ismail was not much of a financier, especially when economy was required, but in all other matters he was a progressive statesman—the most intellectual, respectable and enlightened ruler Egypt has had during recent centuries.

MR. ROBERT BONNER'S wonderful chestnut mare, Mand S., has actually beaten herself. At Cleveland, last Thursday, she trotted a mile in 2:08½, thereby lowering her former record of 2:9½ by half a second—and this on a track which the judges "did not by any means consider fast." Mr. Vanderbilt probably feels a pang of regret that he should have parted with the Queen of the Turf. He must console himself as best he can with West Shore.

LOW-PRICED restaurants have long been common in Chatham Street, and in the overcrowded neighborhoods of the East Side of New York city, but a restaurant on Broadway, near Astor Place, where a dinner not to be despised is provided for ten cents, is a new thing under the sun. It is a sign of the times. People are demanding their money's worth, and there is no reason why, in New York, which is the best and cheapest general market in the world, dinners should not be served at the London and Paris prices.

THE librarian of a public library in a New England town has adopted a neat and efficacious method of awakening disgust of dime-novel literature among boy readers. He keeps a scrap-book devoted to escapades and misfortunes of boys who run away from home to emulate the impossible heroes of the scout and scapler stories, and this scrap-book is put in the hands of juveniles who need it. A half-hour spent in its perusal is said to effect a complete cure. This is clearly a case in which "like cures like," and other librarians would earn the gratitude of thousands of parents by introducing similar scrap-books with the least possible delay.

THE record of the State Camp of Instruction at Peekskill for the present season, has been no less satisfactory and successful than during the three preceding—and, in a large measure, experimental—years. Nothing has ever been done for the National Guard of the Empire State more conducive to its efficiency and steady improvement than the establishment of this camp. Officers and men, from the highest to the lowest, have worked together in harmony to produce the best possible results; whenever the services of these citizen soldiers may be called into requisition, the benefits of thoroughly familiarizing them with every detail of their duties will be clearly shown to be vastly greater than the compara-

tively small increase of expenditure involved. It is a simple matter of justice that the public should keep in mind the fact that it was due to the persistent and enthusiastic efforts of ex-Adjutant-general Townsend that we have a Camp of Instruction at all; while it is through the intelligent efforts of Adjutant-general Farnsworth, heartily seconded by the members of his staff, that the camp has fully vindicated all that was hoped and claimed for it at the outset.

THE virtual collapse of the Panama Ship-canal scheme is reported. The name of De Lesseps has failed as a miracle-worker, and the company has appealed to the French Government for \$100,000,000 and been refused. The original estimate for the canal complete was \$120,000,000; of this \$111,000,000 has been raised and expended, and the company has run in debt \$153,000,000! "A good plant has been established," but only one-tenth of the work has been done. It is now estimated that the whole work will cost, if ever finished, the enormous sum of \$600,000,000, the interest on which, at five per cent. would be \$100,000 a day! Eads has the floor.

The recent outflow of astronomical poetry by Lord Tennyson is exciting a good deal of amusing comment. It is all very well for the Princess Beatrice to be revolving like some merely "conjectured" planet between two suns, her mother and her husband, and never to get any nearer to one than to the other, but the so-near-and-yet-so-far-ness of his orbit can scarcely be satisfactory to the Prince Battenburg. The fact that he is now to have \$30,000 a year, instead of the \$600 which he has enjoyed hitherto, will no doubt help to soothe his lacerated spirit, but he must occasionally ask himself, in some anxiety, how long the excellent health of his mother-in-law is to keep the orrery symmetrical.

THERE is something odd about the treatment of John Roach. It is assumed by partisan papers that he must have meant to cheat the Government, because his bids for the four war-ships were so much below those of other builders. Does not the statement answer the charges? If his bids had been higher than those of other builders, and the contracts had been awarded to him, a charge of corruption might have been in order; if they had been only one per cent. lower than those of other builders, a charge of collusion might have seemed reasonable; but his bids were more than ten per cent. below those of his lowest competitor, or \$320,000 on the entire job! How can such bids be possibly reconciled with a theory that John Roach was anything but strictly honest?

THE prevalence of gambling on the steamships sailing between New York and Liverpool has finally become intolerable to the respectable portion of the traveling community. Not content with monopolizing the smoking-rooms for their games of chance and pool-selling, the gamblers invade other parts of the saloon, and even the presence of ladies has not, in some instances, restrained them from the use of objectionable language and from indulging in their favorite pastime. Quite recently a number of American and English gentlemen addressed a memorial to the directors of the Cunard Steamship Company, referring in emphatic terms of disapproval to the gambling practices indulged in during a recent passage of the steamship *Gallia*. If the steamship-owners are alive to their own interest they will put a stop to the illegal and demoralizing custom of gambling on their vessels.

THE present owner of the house at Point Pleasant, Ohio, in which General Grant was born, offers it for sale, either for removal or to remain where it stands. It is to be hoped that it will not fall into the hands of speculators, and perverted to speculative or exhibition purposes. To prevent such a result, it ought to be purchased at once by the State of Ohio, and for ever preserved as sacred against the spirit of vandalism which in this country too often destroys the memorials of individual and national greatness. Governor Hoadly has exposed himself to a good deal of deserved criticism by his failure, for several days, to make any official recognition of the death of General Grant; he cannot now better atone for that fault than by heading a movement for the immediate purchase of the birthplace of the nation's departed hero, and its establishment as a shrine to which pilgrim feet may turn for long years to come.

By the time the final volume of the census of 1880 gets through the press, the work will possess a historical rather than a contemporaneous interest and value, so rapid is the increase in population. Public speakers and the press usually tell us that we have fifty millions of people. In point of fact, the United States to-day have nearer sixty millions of inhabitants. According to methods of computing the annual increase, which are sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes, the actual figures on July 1st, 1885, were 58,500,000. This estimate is obtained by adding the number of immigrants since 1880, plus the average increase by the excess of births over the deaths. During the last fiscal year, ending June 30th, there were 387,821 immigrants, while the increase by the excess of births over the deaths gave an increase of 1,139,022. And there still remains room enough and to spare for all who may come to us from the "effete despotisms" of the Old World, as well as for those who may first open their eyes in the New World.

It turns out that the recent statements of Mr. Vanderbilt in reference to the absorption of the West Shore Railway by the New York Central were something more than conjectural. It is now officially announced that arrangements have been made between the Central and the holders of West Shore bonds, by which the latter road becomes merged into the former, and an end is to be put to competition. The terms offered to West Shore bondholders, fifty cents on the dollar, are not especially favorable; but as the stock had sunk to an extremely low figure, they are about as liberal as could be expected. There is certainly one feature of the scheme which is quite certain to awaken some distrust. While the West Shore bondholders will get only \$25,000,000 of new guaranteed 4 per cents. for their \$50,000,000 old 5 per cents., provision is made for the issue of another \$25,000,000 new 4 per cents., which will raise the entire issue to \$50,000,000. The additional \$25,000,000 is to be used "to provide for prior liens, necessary terminals, and such other property, and such other purposes as the directors of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company may from time to time think necessary." The public generally will regret that the new competing line has proved a failure, and that monopoly has been strengthened, instead of weakened, by the effort that was made to curb its power. Those who invested their money in the purchase of the stock of this road have gained the sad experience, only too common in such transactions, that, however real the value of the money invested may have been, the value of the property bought is, like railroad stock generally, of a very negative and problematic character.

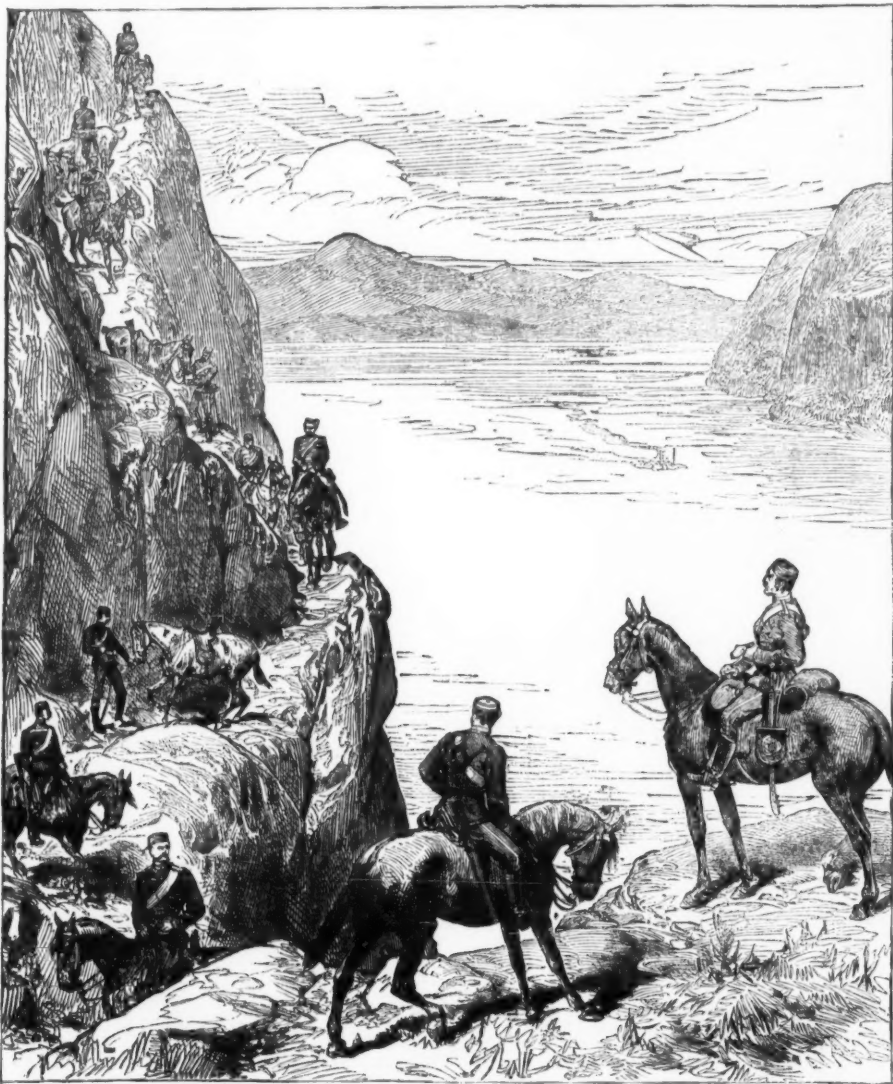
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 399.



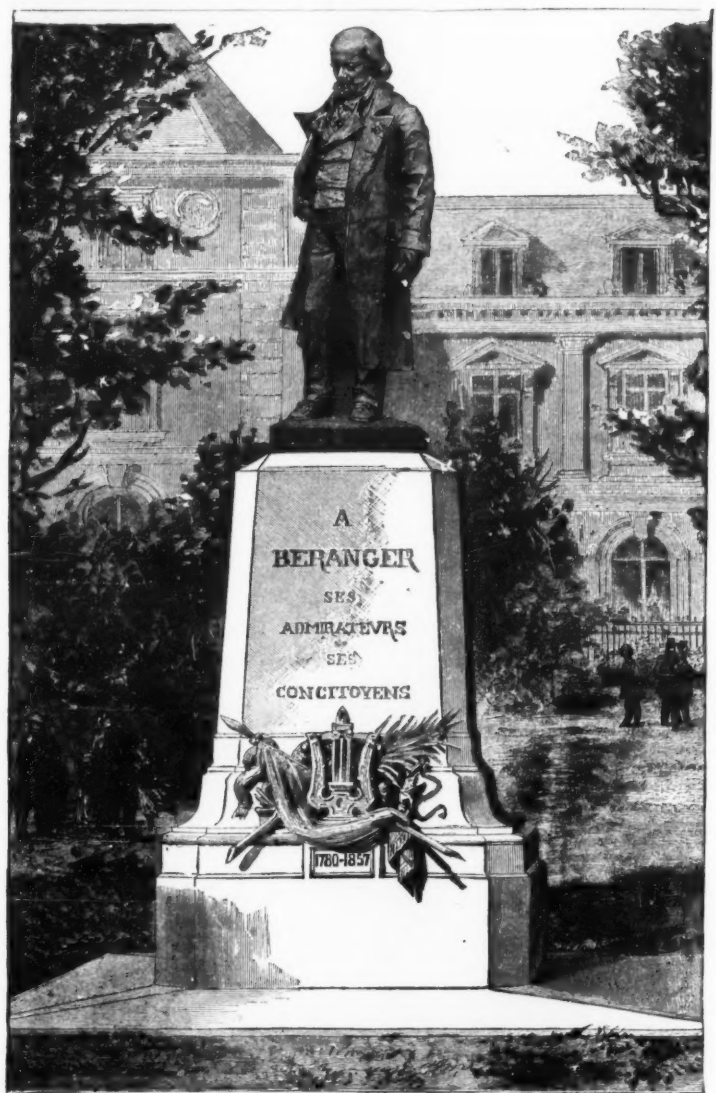
IRELAND.—REV. DR. WALSH, NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



SPAIN.—DISTRIBUTION OF ALMS TO CHOLERA SUFFERERS AT MURCIA.



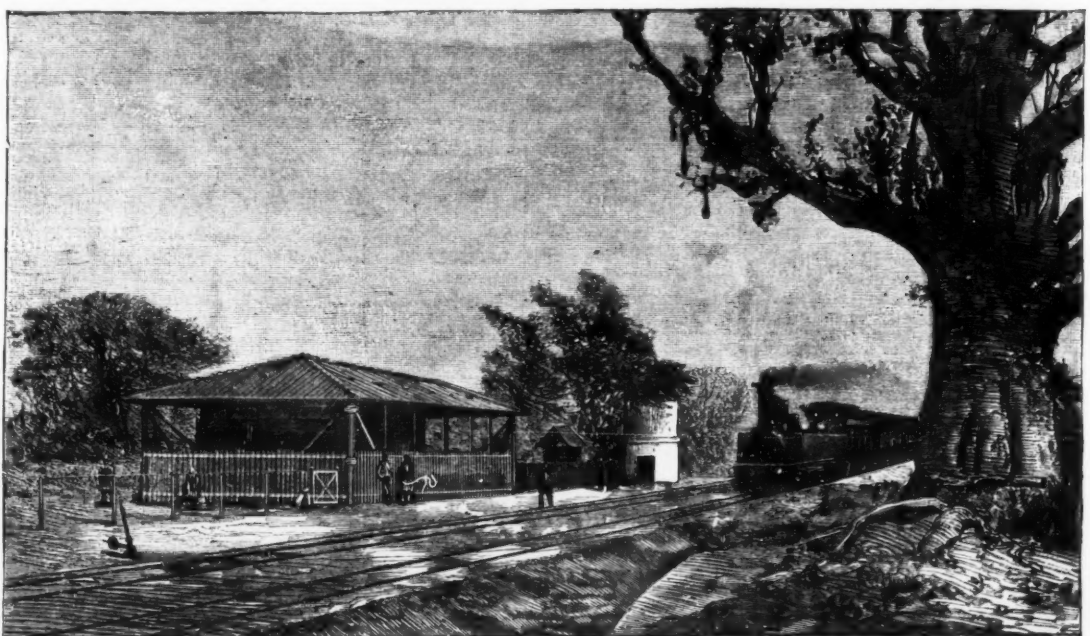
NEW ZEALAND.—SOUTHLAND HUSSARS PASSING THE DEVIL'S STAIRCASE, LAKE WAKATIPU, ON THE OCCASION OF A MILITARY REVIEW.



FRANCE.—STATUE OF BÉRANGER, RECENTLY ERECTED IN PARIS.



TONQUIN.—GENERAL DE COURCY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITIONARY CORPS.



SENEGAL.—STATION OF THIES, ON THE NEW RAILROAD FROM ST. LOUIS TO DAKAR.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, the illustrious Hebrew philanthropist, died at his home in Ramsgate, England, on Tuesday, the 28th of July. He had reached the patriarchal age of one hundred years. Last October the centennial anniversary of his birth was celebrated by his friends the world over; and no name of this century has been more universally revered by Jew and Christian alike.

The Montefiores were originally from Spain. Driven from that country, they took refuge in Italy, where they amassed wealth. After Manasseh-ben-Israel's intercession with Cromwell for the admission of the Jews to England, they took up their residence in that country. Moses Montefiore, the son of Joseph Elias and Rachel Montefiore, was born in Leghorn, Italy, October 24th, 1784, during a visit of his parents to that place. At an early age he entered commercial life in London, becoming first a clerk, and afterwards a stockbroker. In 1812 he married Judith Cohen, who was connected by marriage with the Rothschilds. Rapid success followed. In 1824 the death of his father left him in possession of a considerable fortune, and a year later he retired from the Stock Exchange. Early in life his heart had been touched by the miserable condition of his people, the Jews, abroad, and he had long nurtured plans for redressing it. In England there were many wrongs the Jews suffered from. Intensely conservative, an enemy to all sudden transitions, Moses Montefiore for more than three-quarters of a century worked for the freedom of his people. Within the span of his life, such a vast and benignant change had been wrought in the condition of the Jews throughout Christendom as might seem incredible, but for the witness which history bears, and the evidence of our own observation. He lived to see the doors of the British House of Lords opened to a Hebrew peer.

Sir Moses Montefiore was elected Sheriff of London in 1837, and soon after was knighted by the young Queen who then came to the British throne. In 1846 Victoria made him a baronet, and the honors he received from royalty in many lands indicate that he possessed a charm of character which won the hearts of all classes. In his munificent benefactions he knew no race-distinctions, and it was his gift of \$1,000 which started the fund of \$110,000 for the relief of the Christians on Mount Lebanon a quarter of a century ago.

Few men sustained the weight of years so well as the Jewish baronet. Gifted by nature with a tall and massive frame, he preserved health and vigor far beyond the allotted term of human life. His forehead and white hair would have vividly recalled the appearance of Talleyrand, were not the



THE LATE SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, DISTINGUISHED HEBREW PHILANTHROPIST.

fathomless eyes and the marble brow replaced by a hearty and genial expression. The huge white neck-cloth and high-collared coat, the vast "gills," and the ample jabot were of a period now passed into history, but these remarkable vestments well

became their owner. Sir Moses was buried at Ramsgate on Friday, July 31st, beside his wife, for whom, when she died in 1862, he erected a mausoleum exactly copied from the ancient tomb of Rachel, between Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

THE CHERRY MOUNTAIN LANDSLIDE.

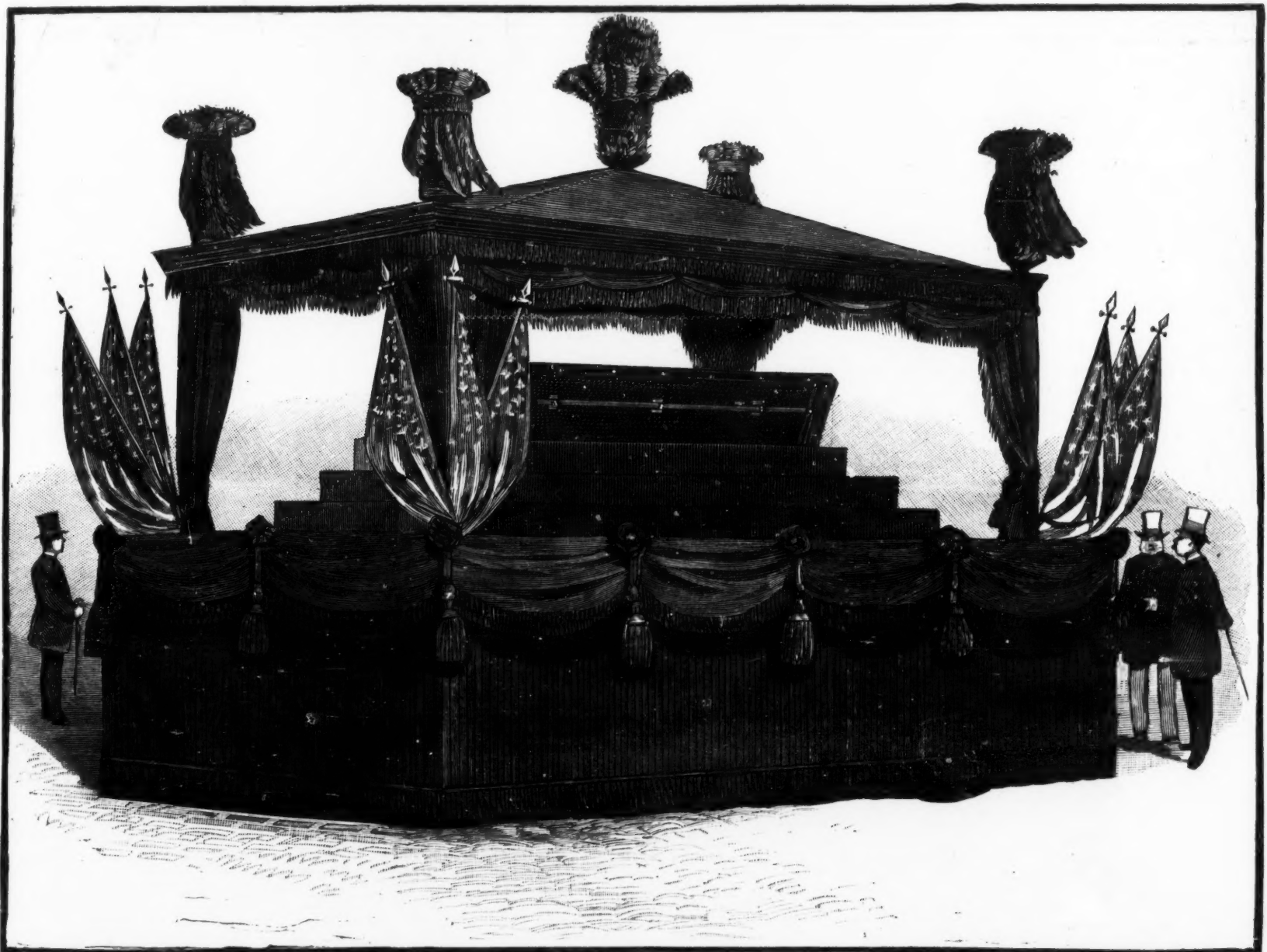
WE give on page 405 a striking picture of the scene of the remarkable landslide on Cherry Mountain, N. H., on the morning of June 10th. The slide started near the top of the peak of the mountain known as Owl's Head, and rushed down the Jefferson side, a distance of two miles. It was first observed by Oscar Stanley, whose farm was 2,000 feet below the peak, and who was engaged with carpenters in building a new house. The men had been at work only a few minutes within the house when they were startled by a rumbling sound like thunder, although heavier and more prolonged. "I looked up," said Stanley, "saw it, and shouted 'Run! the mountains are coming down!' We ran across the road, and by the time we jumped the fence it was all over. Part of the house fell right behind us. We could feel the earth shake as the slide passed. When I saw the slide it was full thirty feet high, the front of it rolling over and over as it moved."

Far up the side of the mountain above them was a long, muddy streak fifteen or twenty rods wide and over a mile long. The slide came down at railroad speed, with a great roar, a rolling mass of dirt and rocks. Widening as it came, it brought down great forest trees—ashes, beeches and pines—that had been torn from their roots in the mountain-side. Now a tall pine would be riding on top of the current. In another second its branching, moss-covered roots would be forty feet in the air, while its green top would be grinding in the mud. It looked as if all the trees on the side of Owl's Head had been endowed with locomotion.

When the slide was finally checked it was on the level land, two miles from the point at which it started, and its track was marked with boulders and fallen trees. Near where it started the rusty ledges are stripped bare of dirt and trees. The ravine looks like a huge railroad cut, inclined at a sharp angle. The sides are as clear-cut as if done by a steam shovel. Stanley's house and barn were swept away, and nearly half of his farm was driven on the land of neighbors below. Two other farms were also devastated. It is estimated that more than 1,000,000 tons of debris were hurled into the plain in less than a quarter of an hour. Crowds have been attracted to the scene of the slide from the country round about.

GRANT AND HIS BOOK.

Mr. Dawson, the secretary who helped General Grant in the writing and arrangement of his book, says the two volumes will make in all about twelve hundred pages of printed matter. These pages will average 240 words to the page. This makes an aggregate of 288,000 words. The General worked steadily upon the book only during



THE FUNERAL-CAR UPON WHICH THE BODY OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT WILL BE CONVEYED TO ITS BURIAL-PLACE AT RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK.

SEE PAGE 403.

the last nine months. This, if he had worked every day, would have made an average of over one thousand words a day. Mr. Blaine, in the full flush of strong physical vigor, was well satisfied to keep up an average of eight hundred words a day in the writing of his first volume. But when it is remembered that the greater part of the work of the two volumes was done in the last six months, and the entire work of the second volume since April last, it will be seen that Grant's average accomplishment as a literary workman was very high. He did not write a continuous, consecutive narrative at first. He wrote sketches of campaigns and descriptions of the most marked events of his life, as if he feared death would carry him away before the work could be at an end. But when he had these principal chapters finished, then a general plan was evolved which connected what was written and, by the filling in of details, made a plain, consecutive narrative.

Much of the first part of the book was written with his own hand. He dictated towards the close, and persisted in his dictation until the secretary had to put his ear to his lips to catch his feeble whispers. Towards the last he was so overwhelmed with offers from publishers that he could easily have made \$15,000 to \$20,000 a month with his pen. His will alone sustained him to finish his book. When that was done he entirely relaxed. He paid not the slightest attention after that to any one of the outside demands upon him. From the date of the completion of his last work he drifted to the grave without offering the slightest resistance.

VOICES.

SOMETIMES I hear o'er waters still,
The low, sweet tones I used to hear;
Ere loved ones crossed the river chill,
And left me—stricken dumb with fear.

I know, indeed, it cannot be,
Yet oft in fancy when alone,
The dear old days come back to me,
And with them each remembered tone.

I wonder if, beyond the gate,
They do not often hear a cry
From some sad soul, long doomed to wait,
Beneath the cold, un pitying sky?

I think our loved ones are not changed,
Who dwell above in blissful rest,
That from us they are not estranged,
But love us always, dearest, best.

MAY MYRTLE.

THE FAMILY STORY OF KATE TEXAS'S BABY.

BY TWO OF THE FAMILY.

MY grandmother rejoiced in the highly respectable but unepithetous name of Kate, and after the manner of our grandmothers begat many sons and daughters, who, in their turn, obedient to the Scriptural injunction were fruitful and multiplied on the face of the earth, so that at the time of which I write my grandmother's descendants were numerous, and, like all American families, various in fortune and scattered in many quarters of the globe. There were, however, a goodly number about the old homestead, and no less than six Kates rose up to repeat the original type, and assert by this repetition the strength of the family belief in Grandmother Harris.

There was John's Kate, and George's Kate, and Little Kate, and Big Kate, and Kate called Kitty, and Kate called Katie, so that when my Uncle Henry, who had emigrated to the frontier in the early Texas days, wrote to inform us that he had christened his only daughter Kate, we looked about in vain for a distinguishing variation of the family name, and found it only in Kate Texas. And all through her childhood she was known only by that geographical sobriquet, when we Northern cousins spoke of her, for we had no chance to speak to her until she was a woman grown of twenty summers.

My Uncle Henry had then lost his first wife, and taken to himself another. Kate, it seemed, felt her Northern blood stirring towards independence, and struck out for herself. Surely Kate Texas was like no other Kate in the family. They had all been content to be quiet, domestic stay-at-home bodies, going away for a year or two to school, and returning to their homes to wait, as became the daughters of well-to-do men, until other well-to-do men should choose them as wives, when they would make quiet homes of their own, practice the lessons of thrift handed down from Grandmother Harris, bring children into the world as she did, mend their clothes, hear their prayers, soothe their tempers, and never sigh after the unusual or unattainable.

Kate Texas was, however, a bird of another feather. She was certainly and unmistakably Grandmother Harris's granddaughter, for there was the family nose, a little inclined to the celestial; and the family eye, green-gray—with stray lights of blue on occasions, and a dangerous facility for blackness in anger. Yes, Kate Texas was another Kate Harris, and the seventh. But the mold was lost when Kate Texas was turned out into the cold world. She had, I believe, as many moral lives as a cat, judging from the mortality of her experiences; she had as many love affairs as Sarah Bernhardt; and as many adventures as Don Quixote.

Now any other Kate in the family who should have taken the praiseworthy resolution of earning her independent bread, would have simply taken a position in some commonplace high school, highly respectable, eminently educating and lucrative, but Kate Texas became a governess. And, of course, became not at all the ordinary A, B, C, second reader governess, prodding on stupid children to the high road of learning, but she taught a rich girl, with a bad temper, who varied the monotony of recitation by pulling her hair, and using bad language, and making up by superb presents.

This rich girl had, too, that *sine qua non* of romance, a really insane mother, who was always popping out with daggers in her eyes, and scissors in her hand ready to slay Kate Texas and her own daughter, when from some unexpected place a huge man would appear and pinion her arms and rescue both.

They never staid more than a month in one place, these Cressus maniacs, so Kate had a chance to see the world, and, of course, when they "made the grand tour" instead of going, like ordinary mortals, commonplace through all the great galleries, jotting down the Madonnas and St. Sebastians, they avoided the thoroughfares, went into all sorts of by lanes and queer towns; went to Greece before they went to Paris even, and turned up there—that is, at Paris—just in time to get all the harrowing experiences of the siege; went to Oberammergau and saw the Passion Play, and, of course, staid in the house with the Mayers, who are the hereditary Christs of the family.

Now most people who go to Oberammergau think themselves lucky to get boarded by the Judases, but Kate Texas's luck is always different, if not better, than the rest. Perhaps it wasn't so lucky for her to have the Roman fever in Florence, but then she had the court doctor, and the rich girl paid all the bills, and the maniac mother was kept out of the way.

All this while Kate was accumulating lovers and experiences, and getting all sorts of snubs for snubbing counts and barons, but she didn't care—she was very deep, and she had her hands full with that Cressus—feminine for Cressus, if you please. Now Cressus was not nearly as good-looking or as good-tempered as Kate, but she had no end of money, and she was very flirtatious, and Kate had to play the stern dragon, at times, to keep her in order.

But when Kate had the fever and Cressus was paying the court doctor's bills, the young lady made the most of her liberty by falling in love with a young Italian of about eighteen, and as father Cressus objected strongly to foreigners, on the well known score of their cupidity and avariciousness, Miss Cressus took matters into her own hands one day and ran off with him. Imagine the situation for Kate Texas.

Of course she got well at this emergency, and with her hair cut in the most fascinating curls she joined father Cressus in the search for Miss Cressus. When they found them they were living in a villa on Lago Maggiore, and, of course, they must after that be joined in holy matrimony, and save the Cressus honor, and thus the young Italian gets the money, and Kate Texas is left with father Cressus and the maniac mother, who in lucid moments is apparently fond of Kate. But Kate doesn't enjoy the situation, and is about to come home, when a convenient family wishes to go to Russia and take an English-speaking governess along. Kate suits them exactly, and she begins a series of extraordinary experiences there.

The family consists of two girls, aged fourteen and sixteen, one boy twelve, and two grown sons. They have some diplomatic post in Russia. That is, the father has. He is an Italian, his wife a Pole. The children, angels to gaze upon, fiends incarnate to live with. The father swore, the mother smoked, the children bit each other, and the grown sons slashed each other with swords. Each and all abused every member of the family circle, and were studiously polite to Kate. The father made love to her, the grown sons each offered to marry her; the daughters, her pupils, were her slaves; but she was utterly unable to bring any one of them to a sense of his or her obligation to the other members of his family circle.

When she had been with them about six months, the two sons quarreled about her and fought a duel, and were both extradited by the father, and then she begged leave to be escorted to Paris, where she would meet some friends to come home with; but she had scarcely reached there when she received a summons from the Countess Bianciardi, *née* Miss Cressus, to go to Italy and stay with her through her first confinement; but, of course, Miss Cressus must needs die, and leave her child unconditionally on Kate's hands.

It is one of Kate Texas's characteristics that she can never see anything out of the way in any of the striking situations where she is found. Any other girl left with a child like that, would have considered the appearances of things. Not so, Kate Texas!

The father didn't want the child until it was grown up, and Kate was bequeathed it by the mother—so what did Kate do but travel half over Europe with that baby and only a nurse, for decent appearances, and at last presented herself, baby, nurse and all at Greenfield—the original Harris town from which her father had gone twenty-five years before.

There she was received by all the Kates in turn, from Grandmother Harris down to Kitty, and to all she told her adventures and explained the baby. Now Kate Texas, in the innocence of her heart, never dreamed that anybody could misunderstand the baby. The situation was to her as plain and commonplace as any other episode in her life. But Grandmother Harris had lived in the narrow road all her life, and taken things seriously, and expected that all her descendants would live in a rut and be respectably dull and stupid. She had wept over Uncle Henry's emigration, and then resigned herself to his utter loss—imagined that Kate Texas must of necessity be an outlaw and a barbarian. When, however, she proved to be not only prettier, but cleverer, wittier and wiser than all the six Kates together, she was bent upon finding some flaw to justify her convictions. She therefore pinned her faith or unfaith on the baby, and little by little began to pick Kate's character to pieces, and point out the inconsistencies in the story.

"A likely thing indeed that an Italian count should give his child to an American girl!"

"But it wasn't the Italian count's alone, it was another American girl's baby."

"Yes; but why didn't her people take the child?"

"Because the grandmother was a maniac, and the grandfather had his hands full."

"Humph!"

These were some of the arguments used by Grandmother Harris and the rest of us on the subject. Kate Texas had however the entire sympathy of the whole family except grandmother. We girls—young like herself, and denied that breadth of experience and variety of incident which had been her portion in life—hung on her lips as *Desdemona* on *Othello's*, when she vouchsafed to tell any of her adventures. The baby was the delight of the colony, and Kate Texas seemed to add common-sense to her other uncommon attributes in her care of the young waif.

But one day something happened, and as my time is up, I leave the rest of the story to Cousin Mary's letters to her friend, Rachel Ridgway. When you get used to Mary's, commonly called Mollie Coddle's, style, it is rather amusing, but at first it is slightly confusing.

LETTER I.

"MY DEAR RACHEL—We have an excitement. It is not often we get up an excitement in our village of four thousand souls and forty minds. I don't suppose that it was in the scheme of the creation to divide the souls from the minds, like the sheep from the goats, but somehow evolution, or culture, or some great force has so subdivided the human family, and here we are, in this little village, four thousand genus animus, forty genus intelligens, and added to these yesterday, *two* Englishmen. I cannot classify them, for they are neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring. They belong certainly not to the mind division, for they are the stupidest specimens of the genus homo I have met. As they are good churchmen, and make clear responses, I may grant they have souls. I fear the girls will over-reach them if they think they have hearts."

"They, *i. e.*, the Englishmen, follow the girls about like two lap-dogs, and 'Aw!' and 'Come now!' and 'Don't you know' and 'Beg pardon' so much that I believe that to be their only conversational coin. But they have given the town an excitement, and even the forty minds are on the *qui vive* about them. For my part, I don't see why two stupid Englishmen should be any more interesting than two stupid Americans. I have always wondered why George Eliot's men should have been such muttonheads, and why she should have always felt obliged to give me so small an idea of her countrymen, but I cannot look at these men without some of her sayings coming into my mind. What's that about 'The best of us walk about well wadded with stupidity,' and the reason women are such fools, 'Why, God made them to match the men,' and 'Men are such dumb creatures, you mostly have to guess at what they mean.' But, as to the last, it would be a pretty stupid woman to guess what these men mean, for a clever one would guess something altogether too bright. Now I am so severe upon them, you may imagine that they have not been over attentive to me. Well, they haven't! Nan and Kate are always absorbing and pretty enough for any man, but 'lookers on see most of the game,' and I'd much rather see this game than be in it. I can see them there now, down by the apple-tree in the orchard."

"Nan looks her prettiest, which is saying a great deal. Her Englishman seems honest enough, but I don't trust Kate's."

"Kate is bound to take the world seriously, and it's a losing game. I wish she wouldn't blush so easily. I can see her from here. She's very pretty and very saucy, and her manner is every bit as calloused as Nan's, but it's only skin deep. She cares too much in her heart, and so the life-blood quickens."

"I don't want you to think that Kate cares already for this 'blasted Britisher.' If I thought she did, I would put poison in his tea. I had almost said 'coffee.' It seems quite fine and Borgia-Medici like to put poison in his coffee, but 'poison in tea' is a little melodramatic. But they only drink tea, these Englishmen. Plenty of that, however. I should think they would die of it without the aid of poison."

"No, I don't think Kate cares a row of pins for this man, but she's in just that tender state over the loss of Jack, that anything would plunge her in love again, for consolation. There's many a heart caught on the rebound, you know. And then, if she should fall in love with this Englishman and go over to England—and be treated the way their wives are treated."

"There, I am getting into bad English, writing about Englishmen. And there they are, coming up from the orchard, very good-looking men, not boys, very well-dressed and well-bred, but I wish they would go to New York."

"What on earth do they want, hanging around this little village, when there is the whole United States to enlarge their experience. Mother is calling me to tea."

"I'll poison his tea. Tell it not in Gath of
"YOUR OWN MOLLIE CODDLE."

LETTER II.

"MY DEAR RACHEL—Thank Heaven they have gone! They were here a week, eating and sleeping, walking, riding, hanging about like two muffs, always wanting to be amused. Kate rather avoided her Englishman after the first few days, and I imagined that he had said something which she did not like, but the last night she sang to them that song she used to sing with Jack so much. I suppose she must have been thinking of Jack, for she put her whole soul into it, and fairly took us off our feet, and her Englishman looked ready to

eat her. She was quite frightened, I think, for she got out of the way as soon as she could, and now they are gone, and I am glad of it."

"Kate is very still, but I know when she is thinking. She sets her mouth so closely, and looks queer about the eyes, and doesn't talk. Sometimes she talks a great deal—that is, when she is restless; but when she is unhappy she doesn't talk, and thumbscrews could not drag from her what she is thinking of. She is the one person I have ever known who practiced what Talleyrand preached, that 'Language is a mask, not a mirror of the soul.'"

"Lots of people believe Kate is as shallow as a brook, but I know her deeps, and they are below the well. I believe this very day her heart is breaking for Jack, and she wants his love so, that I'm afraid she will take the first man's love that offers, like a dying man clutching a straw. It's an awful pity about Jack, but then, you know, papa would never hear a word of it. Jack could never make a living, and he is sure to die. I think Kate often wishes she might die, for some days she walks down to the river and looks into it so."

"Why do I write to you so about Kate? No one but you would believe it of her. She is always considered our bright one, our clever Kate, always busy and helpful. In spite of her hunger for love that is eating her soul away, I am glad the Englishman went, for Kate is the kind of girl who gets along best without men. They affect her too strongly. If she were happily married, I should not worry about her, 'with chubby children round my neck, to keep me humble,' as Mrs. Browning says, but that will never be Kate's fate. She's bound to live a tragedy. She has the possibilities, and then this experience with Jack goes a long way towards developing them."

"She never talks of him now, though he is out in Colorado, living for life only. Kate never talks as I have said, about her thoughts. Cicero gives a reason for it somewhere, 'When the soul speaks, the soul speaks no longer.' I don't mean to get metaphysical. Surely my original subject, the Englishmen, are the least metaphysical of topics. I don't see how they ever developed—Herbert Spencer. I don't believe these men ever conceived the possibility of anything unseen or intangible. The American girl is about as far as they ever got in the realms of the Unknown, and she is a good deal too spiritual for their comprehension. Kate is singing Jack's song again. I wish she wouldn't. I'll go down and interrupt it."

"YOUR OWN MOLLIE CODDLE."

LETTER III.

"MY DEAR RACHEL—I am cross. Of course that is nothing for me. I was born in a tantrum, and I've been in a tantrum ever since. It's my way of taking the world, and it seems to me the best way to get along. Now, there's Kate. She never had a tantrum, and doesn't dream of the luxury of 'biting the bureau' or kicking the wall, and even the petty indulgence of chewing her handkerchief is a safety-valve which she was never known to make use of. Yet, if she could only be made to see it, it is the greatest preserver of real feelings. But it's no use trying to teach any ways and means of temper to Kate; she couldn't if she would. It's just about Kate I'm cross. Those Englishmen have gone to California—good place for them—where I wish they'd stay; but they won't, for Kate had a letter this morning, saying they were pining to get back, and were coming as soon as they could, to stay a month in the village. I call it too bad, and I want mother to send Kate up to town, but she says it would look too serious, just as though it wasn't serious enough that those men should choose to come back and ensconce themselves in this little New England village, which hasn't so much as a historic brick or stone, or even a tree that hung a traitor or sheltered a patriot. Nothing distinctively American to study except the American girl, of which they can get specimens enough anywhere else in the United States."

"If mother doesn't send Kate away, I will put poison in his tea, as sure as I am
"YOUR OWN MOLLIE CODDLE."

LETTER IV.

"MY DEAR RACHEL—They are here again, as big as life. I went to bed to spite myself, just before they came last night, but I heard Kate singing Jack's song, 'By request,' and I came very near rushing down in a temper and telling them that it was all for Jack that she sang like that. This morning Kate is as chirpy as you please, and goes so far as to say that they are improved by their stay in America. I don't like the sign. I am not afraid of Nan. She'll take care of herself, but Kate has too much heart, and she likes to be loved, and she likes to love. It's her way, but it isn't a safe way. To-day they have gone on the river. Kate wanted me to go in her place, but they wouldn't let her off. She and Jack were always on the river. I am not so prejudiced as to deny that they do improve on acquaintance. They are much less awkward, and more expansive though they aren't clever. They have rather a queer way with the girls, always paying them the broadest compliments and saying personal things which we consider very bad form, but Nan says it is English. I don't care if it is. One doesn't like to be told that one has sapphire eyes before a whole room. It seems to take the edge off. Although Kate is annoyed by it, I am afraid she is going to give in. I will report to you the progress of events, and in the meantime shall prepare a large cup of cold poison to administer as soon as Kate's symptoms become dangerous."

"YOUR OWN MOLLIE CODDLE."

LETTER V.

"MY DEAR RACHEL—Oh, joy! oh, rapture! They have been telegraphed home! and they are going! Kate has been showing symptoms which

I should have felt obliged to avenge by that poisoned tea, if this dispatch had not arrived in so timely a manner this very day. They are going! I feel sure that Kate will lose every symptom as soon as they are gone. I don't mean to be a selfish pig. Of course Kate has a right to be as emotional, to have as many sensations as she pleases; but I don't want her to waste all her sensations on an Englishman, stupid at that. Jack was not much to boast of in the way of a cousin-in-law, but he is worth ten of this man, heart disease and all. I mean Jack's heart disease. There is no danger to an Englishman from heart disease.

"Well, heigh ho! good luck to them and better to
Your own MOLLIE CODDLE."

LETTER VI.

"MY DEAR RACHEL—I believe all my congratulations were for nothing at all, for it seems that the whole town, four thousand souls and forty minds, considers that Kate has been jilted.

"Did you ever!" says old Mrs. Pepperbox. "Quite scandalous and compromising!"

"Those English are the coolest in the world," says Mrs. Trump; "just as though American girls were only good for flirting!"

"What's the wonder when they are dragged into literature as just good for nothing else."

"For my part, I don't care what they say, so long as Kate doesn't hear it. If that 'blasted Britisher' did run away for fear of getting in too deep, we are well rid of him, and I am glad of it, although I am sorry that he had neither brains to appreciate, nor heart enough to love, her. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and we've saved Kate from the wreck.

"Whatever the cause, the result is good, although Kate looks blue and the postman is very interesting. If he dares to bring her a foreign letter I'll slay him on the porch and throw his remains in the ash-barrel. Tragic end of poor Billy Peacock! But this shall perish all tale bearers from the old country.

"I am cut out for a villain, a Borgia, a Cenci, a Corlay. I've never had half a chance at heroics. But wait, and I'll prove myself,

Your own MOLLIE CODDLE."

LETTER VII.

"MY DARLING RACHEL—How can I tell it? Jack is dead! He died in Colorado, and was brought home the day we came up to town. Kate is inconsolable; that is, in her way. She will not talk nor eat, and does not read her letters. They come, they come, stacks of them. Yes, foreign letters among the rest, and she leaves them there, and I have no heart to soil my hands with the blood of Postman No. 10, for somehow I feel that by-and-by, after the first shock, she may get some consolation from them. My Kate!

Your sorrowful MARY COTTON."

LETTER VIII.

"MY DEAR RACHEL—After many weeks, I can write, Kate seems a little more like herself. That is, she has begun to take up her poor people, and to answer her letters and write for her club, but I am not easy about her. Her foreign letters are very regular, and she does not avoid them, although she never vouchsafes to us any of their valuable contents.

"I ponder over them! The postman is safe, and even the Englishman himself might drink gallons of tea unpoisoned, for my heart has softened towards him as a possible consolation for Kate. Still, if they had never come, those horrid men, Kate might have found a quiet happiness nearer home. I am an idiot.

Your own MOLLIE CODDLE."

LETTER IX.

"MY DEAR RACHEL—To say that the day of miracles is not gone by but feebly expresses my belief in the presence of one in our midst. The Englishmen, my dear, returned yesterday after two months' absence, and to tell you that the family has embraced them both is not hyperbole. Grandmother fell on their necks. It seems that their going away so abruptly was entirely her fault, for she had such horrid suspicions about Kate Texas, that she could not give her consent that her Englishman should ask her to marry him, so grandmother sends him prancing over the world to find the baby's father, the Italian count, who must needs be taking a holiday prance in Russia. Of course, however, they found him at last, and most contrite and apologetic for having caused Kate any trouble by carrying out the erratic designs of his wife. He is following speedily to take the baby, to whom we are all much attached, and Kate Texas alternately laughs and cries over the innocent cause of all her sorrow. As for grandmother, her joy over Kate's proven innocence is ten times greater than the angels over the lost sinner that returneth. And the rest of us proudly cry: 'We knew it—and we told you so.'

"As for me, I slyly slip three lumps of sugar into his tea to make up for my wicked designs on that beverage—before.

"The baby will be the only bridesmaid, for Kate Texas will be married quietly. Won't she be a pretty bride! Our dear Kate the seventh!

Yours, finally, MOLLIE CODDLE."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Dr. Walsh, whose portrait we give, succeeds Cardinal McCabe in the Archbishopric of Dublin. The advanced Irish party were naturally highly delighted when it was announced from Rome that the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, Vicar Capitular, and President of the College of Maynooth, had been appointed to the vacant See. The Nationalists regard Dr. Walsh as an ardent sympathiser. He has not, however, taken an active part in politics, but has been devoted exclusively to a scholastic

life, nor could his views have been distasteful to Cardinals Cullen and McCabe, as those promoted him to be first a professor, and finally the president and responsible administrator of a college specially intended for the education of candidates for the priesthood.

CHOLERA REFUGEES AT MURCIA.

As the fearful invasion of cholera has driven from Murcia all whose means allowed them to escape, the shops and factories are closed, few remaining except apothecaries and some who deal in the merest necessities of life. The poor who could not escape have been left with little aid and in great distress. The Spanish Ministers, Canovas del Castillo and Romero Robledo, with the bishop of the diocese, and other officials recently visited the worst parts of the city and the camp on the Maelcon formed by the authorities. Here thirty wooden sheds and more than fifty tents have been erected with every care for sanitary precaution, and give shelter to the poor of the San Antolin and San Juan wards. Among these the visiting committee distributed much of the \$100,000 given by King Alfonso, the Government, and a charitable subscription at Madrid.

BRITISH VOLUNTEERS IN NEW ZEALAND.

The citizen-soldiers of the English race at Queenstown, the capital of the Lake Wakatipu district, in the Southern Island, New Zealand, recently held a very successful review. All military arms—cavalry, artillery, and infantry, battalions of riflemen, with the Naval Brigade—were represented. They were five days in the field, and were put through a series of manoeuvres from which they gained much practical instruction. The Southland Hussars, from Invercargill, commanded by Captain F. W. Burwell, after traveling ninety miles by railway, marched round the margin of Lake Wakatipu—a most arduous and difficult march of more than forty miles, in which the endurance both of men and of horses was severely tried. Our illustration shows the dangerous passage of "The Devil's Staircase," where the track is at a height of 1,000 feet above the Lake, with almost a sheer fall to the beach below.

STATUE OF BÉRANGER.

On the 15th ult., a fine bronze statue of Béranger, the great French song-writer, was unveiled in the Square du Temple, Paris, with appropriate ceremonies. The poet is represented standing, clad in the familiar long redingote, and holding a book in one hand. The face is thoughtful, intelligent, with a touch of bonhomie. A lyre, a flag, and a palm-branch ornament the pedestal, which bears the inscription: "To Béranger: His Admirers and Fellow-citizens." Beneath are carved the dates of his birth and death—"1780-1857." The statue is by M. Doublemard, the pedestal by M. Yvon.

GENERAL DE COURCY.

General de Courcy, the Commander-in-chief of the French Expeditionary Corps in Tonquin, and who so promptly quelled the recent revolt at Hué, the capital of Annam, is fifty-eight years old. He was graduated at Saint Cyr, fought in the Crimean, Italian and Mexican campaigns, and won the rank of colonel. In 1870, at the head of an infantry regiment in the Army of the Rhine, participated in the battles of Borny, Gravelotte and Mercy, meeting with several hairbreadth escapes. Returning to Paris with the rank of brigadier-general, his brigade was one of the first to enter the city with the Army of Versailles. During the war between Russia and Turkey, General de Courcy was with the army of the Grand Duke Michael in the Caucasus, assisted at the capture of Ardahan and Kars, and received from the Emperor the rare decoration of the military cross of St. Georges. He is also a grand officer of the Legion of Honor of France. Promoted General of Division in 1878, he was sent first to Dijon, then to Nancy, where he won great popularity. At the time of his appointment to the command of the Tonquin Expeditionary Corps, he was at the head of the Tenth Corps at Rennes.

FRENCH RAILROAD STATION IN SENEGAL.

The railroad from the seaport of Dakar to the town of St. Louis, the capital of the French colony of the Senegal, in West Africa, was completed last May. It is something over 160 miles long, and will be a very important factor in the development of the commerce of the colony. The Senegal River, on the banks of which St. Louis is situated, is so obstructed as to be only a part of the time navigable, hence the necessity of the line of railway. There are sixteen stations, one of the chief of which is Thies, shown in our picture. These stations are rapidly becoming centres of agricultural industry and traffic, and consequently of progress, in the thriving French-African colony.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT.

THE newspapers are full of tributes to Grant and of stories illustrating his character and life. Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, in a recent sermon, referred as follows to the church-going habit of the dead soldier: "When I went to Washington to become pastor of the Metropolitan Church I found him one of the most regular of the congregation in attendance upon public worship. He seemed to be scrupulously careful on this matter, frequently explaining, if necessarily absent, the occasion of his non-attendance. His attention to the service was marked and unflagging. He never seemed conscious of the fact that the eyes of the great congregation were often fixed upon him, and always in passing out at the minister's private exit (to avoid the crowd) he spoke cheerily and appreciatively to the clergyman. He enjoyed all the religious services of the church excepting the singing, having a constitutional inability to appreciate music. He told me once that all music seemed to affect him as discord would a sensitive and skilled ear, and that he would go a mile out of his way rather than listen to the playing of a band. And when the hymn to be sung consisted of four stanzas he experienced a feeling of relief as each one was sung and so disposed of.

"He once told me that he never had used profane language, and that he was quite sure if he had ever done so under any provocation he would have remembered it.

"Some months before his second inauguration he asked me if I expected to be at home on the Sunday preceding that ceremony. I informed him that I did, and asked him why he put the question. He said he thought it would be appropriate to invite the members of his Cabinet to attend service with him on that day. Accordingly, they were invited and came. Chief Justice Chase, learning of this intention, invited the members of the Supreme Court, and perhaps this is the only occasion in the history of the Government that

these chief officers, with other military and civil functionaries, have been present at a similar religious service.

"The home life at the White House during the Grants' residence was beautiful in its domestic simplicity and purity, and the influence of the family in society was markedly beneficial. In former times public receptions had been made the occasion of conviviality and excess, and the banishment of wine and spirits from the public receptions of the officers of the Cabinet was requested by General Grant and promptly complied with. Due credit has never been given by temperance crusaders and politicians to the wholesome effect of this movement and the admirable example set before the American people."

General Horace Porter, speaking, in a recent interview, of General Grant's disposition, said: "It was one of the happiest dispositions I ever knew. I was with him for nine consecutive years, never leaving his side except for a few hours at a time, and I never knew him to be angry. The nearest approach to it was once when he saw a teamster unmercifully beating a poor horse. The General dashed up to him and said: 'You scoundrel, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!' The teamster made some impertinent reply, and the General ordered him tied up by the hands. General Grant never in his life uttered an oath. I never heard him even utter the mildest form of an imprecation, which is a most unusual thing in the free and easy atmosphere of army life. This happy disposition was one of the reasons why all those who were immediately about him, from the humblest dependent to the most important person, were so devotedly attached to him.

"I never in my life saw but one man who was so cool under fire as was General Grant," continued General Porter, "and that was a bugler in the Fourth Cavalry. Both the General and this man could look right in the face of the heaviest fire without even so much as winking. Not one man out of thousands can be found who will not involuntarily move when bullets whistle by his ear, but General Grant never moved a muscle. He was also a wonderfully ready man. I remember at the second day's fight at the Wilderness, when in the evening word came that Shaler and Seymour had been captured and Sedgwick's command driven back, General Grant coolly and swiftly gave his orders, moving thousands of men here and thousands there. It was as though he had known the situation for days instead of a few minutes, and was basing his movements on carefully matured plans. He was also equally quick in expressing his opinions when suddenly called upon to do so. When people requested his views on certain points, and asked him to write them down when he had thought them over, he would say: 'I can write them down now for you.' Then he would take pen and paper and quickly write page after page so clearly and concisely that not an interlineation would be required. He wrote his message vetoing the inflation of the currency in just this way. He sat down at a little round table in his bedroom, and wrote rapidly until he had finished one of the most exhaustive analyses of our currency system that has ever been published.

"At night, often, during the war, he would walk about the camp when every one was asleep. I remember one night he went to Sheridan, who was a dozen miles off, and who had sent him a report which closed by saying: 'I wish you were here in person.' On leaving camp he had to pick his way among the sleeping men and horses. The men lay with bridles over their arms. Once in a while one would look up. 'There goes the old man,' he would say; 'we shall have it warm to-morrow.' And they were usually right. That was in the Appomattox campaign. 'Good-evening, General,' another would say, and he would return the greeting pleasantly. That was the way with the men. His habit was to nod and speak—not always a formal salute."

Dr. Douglas, in speaking of his late patient, says: "General Grant was considerate for others to the last. When he was returning from that trip to the eastern outlook, reduced to the most feeble condition by fatigue, two ladies passed by and bowed to him. He acknowledged the salute with a courteous motion of the hand. It may be a very small thing, but for a man in his condition it was a good deal. As a patient he was the best a physician could have, considerate and faithful to directions in every particular. He showed scrupulous regard for the time mentioned in the directions. He wished that others should benefit by his experience. After his voice failed him, and when he felt assured that his disease would terminate fatally, he wrote several memoranda about his condition and the effects of medicine upon him, and gave them to me, adding that he had written them in the hope that the information they contained might be used to advantage in treating other sufferers.

"From the first time he came in the office I don't think he ever thought he could get well, though of course he had something of that hope which always exists while life lasts. I was very frank with him when he first consulted me. I told him that he had a serious disease of an epithelial character, which, however, might sometimes be relieved. I did not, I think, use the word cure. He fully appreciated the serious character of his ailment, but not by the motion of a muscle or a tremor of the lip did he show that the information distressed him. He took the intelligence without flinching, as a brave soldier might an order to charge a battery with the chances of returning alive vastly against him."

The following are extracts from the reply of Sherman (then a major-general in rank), written "near Memphis," on March 10th, 1864, upon the receipt of news from Grant that the latter had been nominated by the President to the rank of lieutenant-general:

"You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself—simple, honest and unpretending—you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends, and the homage of millions of human beings who will award to you a large share for securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability.

"I believe you are as brave, patriotic and just as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic in your nature is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour."

"This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your best preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga—no doubts, no reserve; and I tell you that it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me, and if I got into a tight place you would come—if alive."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE prospects of the cotton crop in Texas surpass those of the great crop season of 1883.

THE President has declined to modify his proclamation requiring cattlemen to remove from the Indian Territory within forty days.

THE cotton crop of Georgia is in the best condition known for years, and the yield will be much above the best average of the past.

THE revolutionary movement on the eastern coast of Venezuela has been suppressed, and quiet has been restored throughout the whole country.

THE Oxford University boat crew, on the 25th ult., rowed across the English Channel from Dover to Calais, in four hours and twenty-five minutes.

EXTENSIVE frauds have been discovered in the accounts of the Munster Bank. Mr. Farquharson, one of the joint managers of the Dublin branch, is missing, with \$350,000 of the bank's funds.

THE British House of Lords last week refused to consider the Bill providing for woman suffrage on the ground that it was impossible to deal with the subject at the far end of the Parliamentary session.

THE Shapira manuscripts, which only a couple of years ago created such a sensation in the theological world and were held at a valuation of \$5,000,000, have just been sold in London for eighty cents.

THE epidemic at Plymouth, Pa., is at an end. About 160 people have died from the fever since its first outbreak. The highest number sick at one time was 96. About \$10,000 has been spent in relief measures.

THE British Government has appointed a commission to inquire into and report upon the condition and education of the blind in England. Mr. Campbell, one of the members of the commission, will come to the United States for the purpose of examining the methods used here to enable sightless persons to acquire literary and mechanical knowledge.

MR. HENRY STANLEY recently made a very striking and powerful speech at a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in London. He explained his scheme for destroying the slave trade on the Sudan coast at a cost of £5,000 yearly, and appealed to Englishmen to render this practical homage to General Gordon's memory by adopting the plan General Gordon had at heart. The £5,000 have not yet been raised.

ARRANGEMENTS are being perfected for a grand musical jubilee at Atlantic City, N. J., on August 17th, 18th and 19th. It is proposed to have the leading military bands of New York, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and bands from Reading, Pottsville, Trenton, Camden and other cities, to participate in the tournament. The first prize will be \$1,000, guaranteed. Arrangements will be made for the seating of as many as 20,000 people.

A NEW departure in college commencements is reported from Milwaukee. At the graduating exercises of a convent school, a local paper says: "Oil stoves were used, and the curtain rose upon a very pretty young lady in the act of taking a loaf of bread from the tin where it had just been baked. Another, equally pretty and expert, put newly-kneaded rusks in the oven to bake, while a third turned her attention to preparing a fricassee chicken."

THE incendiary fires which have become common in Russia, are attributed to the Nihilists, who are said to have adopted this new plan because it is attended with less danger to the culprits than their old plan of murder, and is equally effective in spreading terror among the people. The householders of Moscow are now in nightly terror. Many families appoint one member to watch all night, and to give the alarm to the rest on the approach of a conflagration.

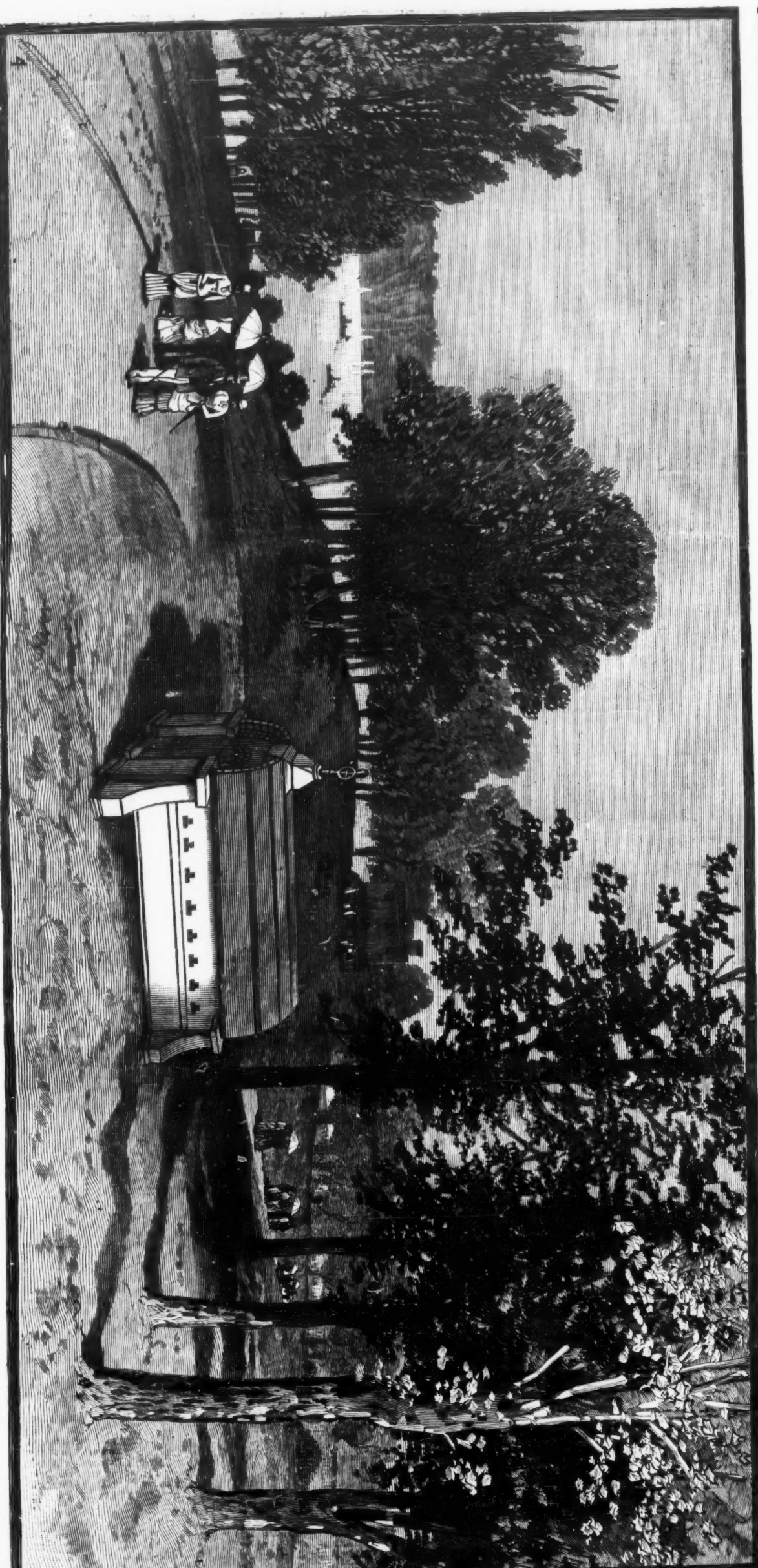
THE Roman Catholic Mission among the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians of the reservation at Fort Wash-a-kie, Wyoming, has been abandoned. The causes given are insufficient proselytism and the failure of an expected Government subsidy that was to enlarge the Mission and put it upon a firm, self-supporting basis. A large amount of money has been expended during the last year, by the Jesuit Fathers in charge in improving and adorning their Mission. The Catholic Church at Lander has also been abandoned.

THE 24th of July was the thirty-eighth anniversary of the entrance into Salt Lake Valley by Brigham Young and 142 Mormons, who made their journey from the Missouri River by ox-teams. Usually the anniversary is observed with much display, but the half-masting of the flag on the 4th of July, and a threatened collision between the Mormons and Gentiles should there be any further interference with the flag, as well as the death of General Grant, put a stop to all organized celebrations. The day passed quietly.

THE City of Minneapolis has a curious provision in its law relating to the liquor traffic. Besides charging a license fee of \$500, the law marks out certain patrol limits, including the business core of the city, within which all the saloons must be established, and where they can be kept under close police inspection. As to the rest of the city, including all the main residence portions of the city, where probably nine-tenths of the inhabitants have their homes, absolute saloon prohibition prevails, and is rigidly enforced.

THE Grant Monument Committee organized in New York city consists of some 300 leading citizens, with ex-President Arthur as chairman. The committee has asked the co-operation of all newspapers, railway, telegraph and express companies, postmasters, banks, churches, municipal authorities, commercial bodies and exchanges, manufacturing and business establishments, in the immediate collection of contributions, to be forwarded to this committee or to the Mayor of New York, so that the entire people may have an opportunity of uniting in this last tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead.

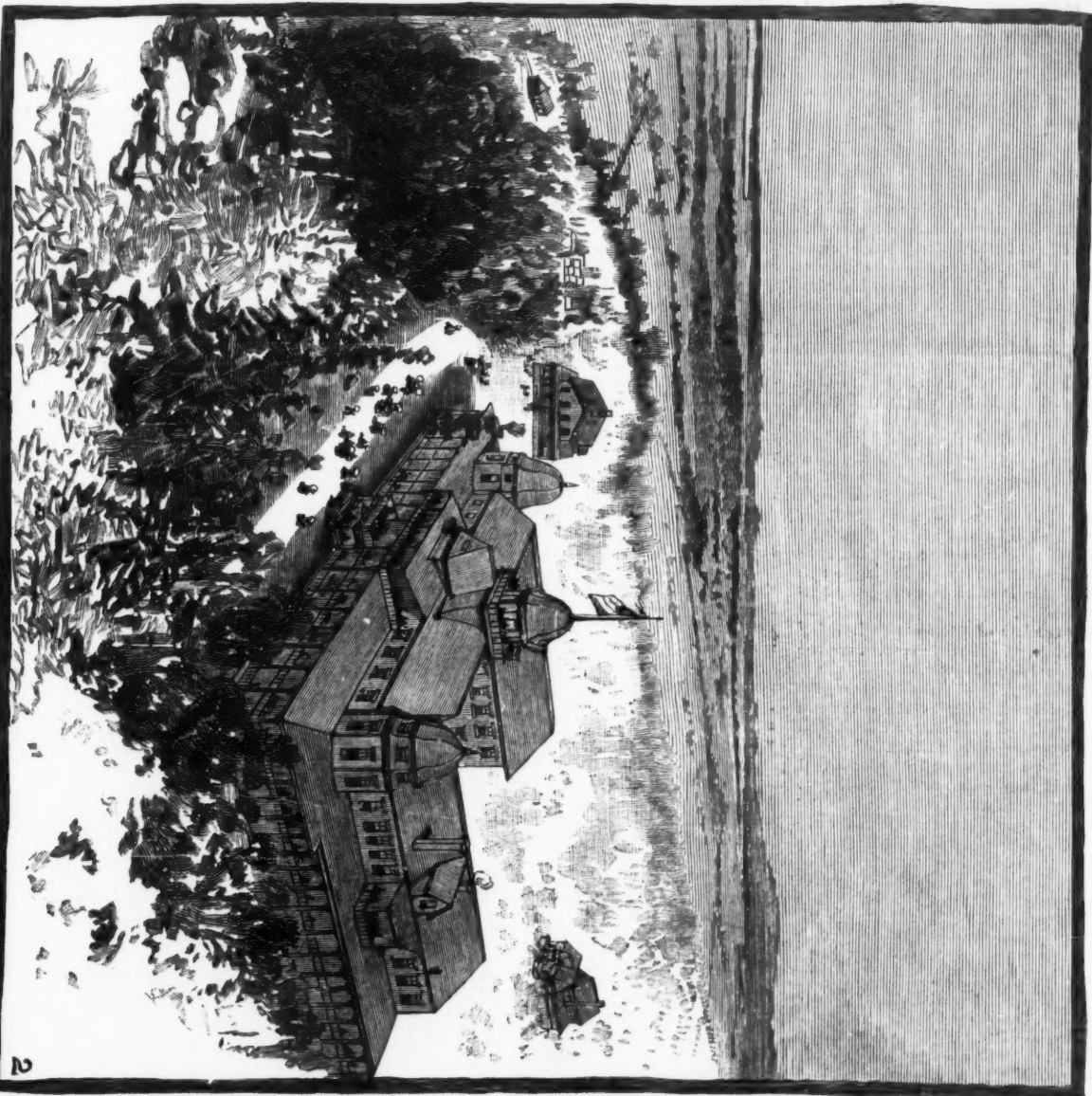
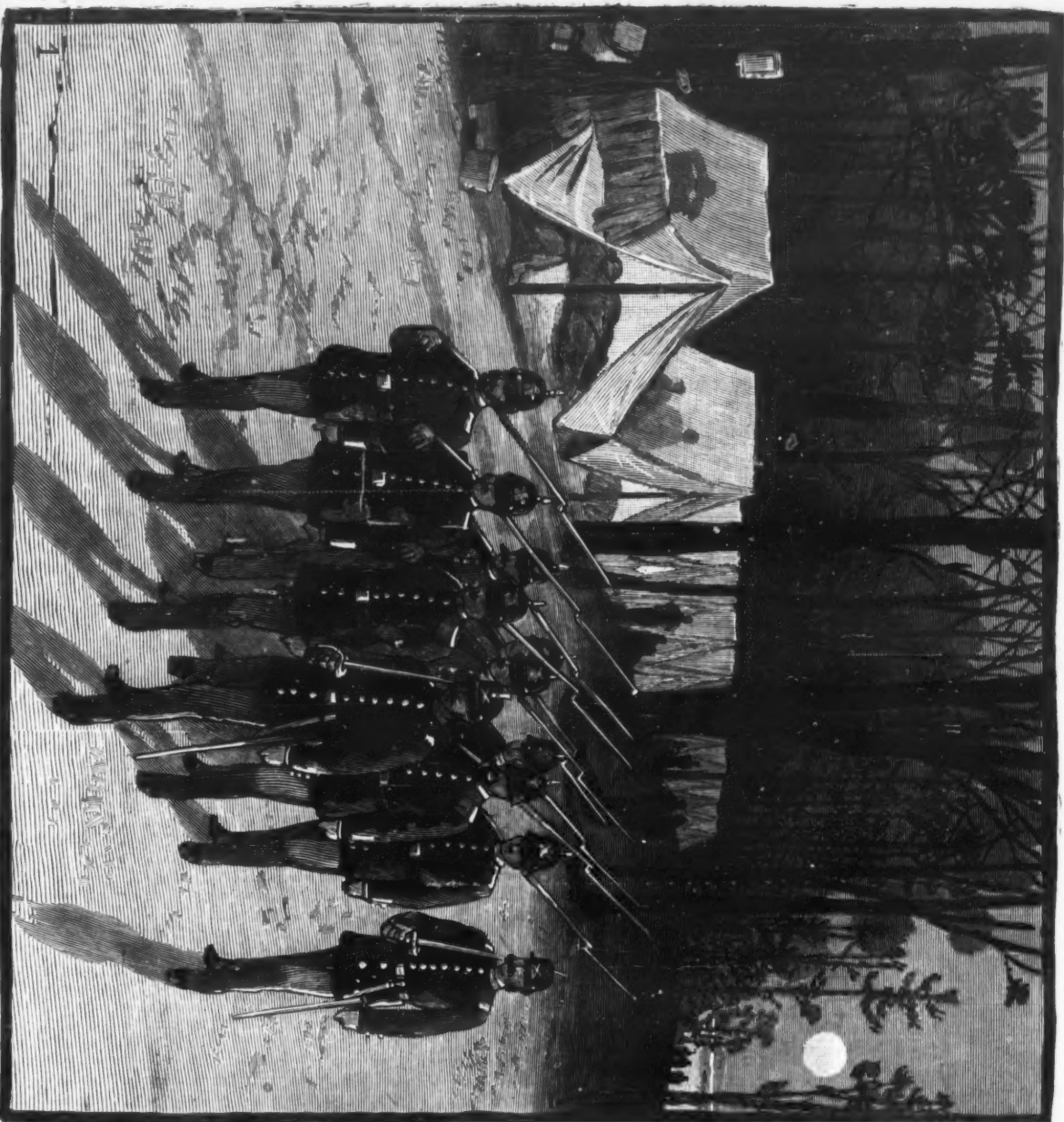
In consequence of the *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations of vice in London, meetings are being held all over the country in favor of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. The provincial papers give full reports of these meetings, some of which are very notable, from the eminence of the speakers and the high character of the audiences, but the London press completely ignores them. Several eminent divines have protested against this ignoring of evil, arguing that it furnishes direct encouragement to evil doers. The committee to inquire into the statements of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has made a report that the charges made are substantially true.



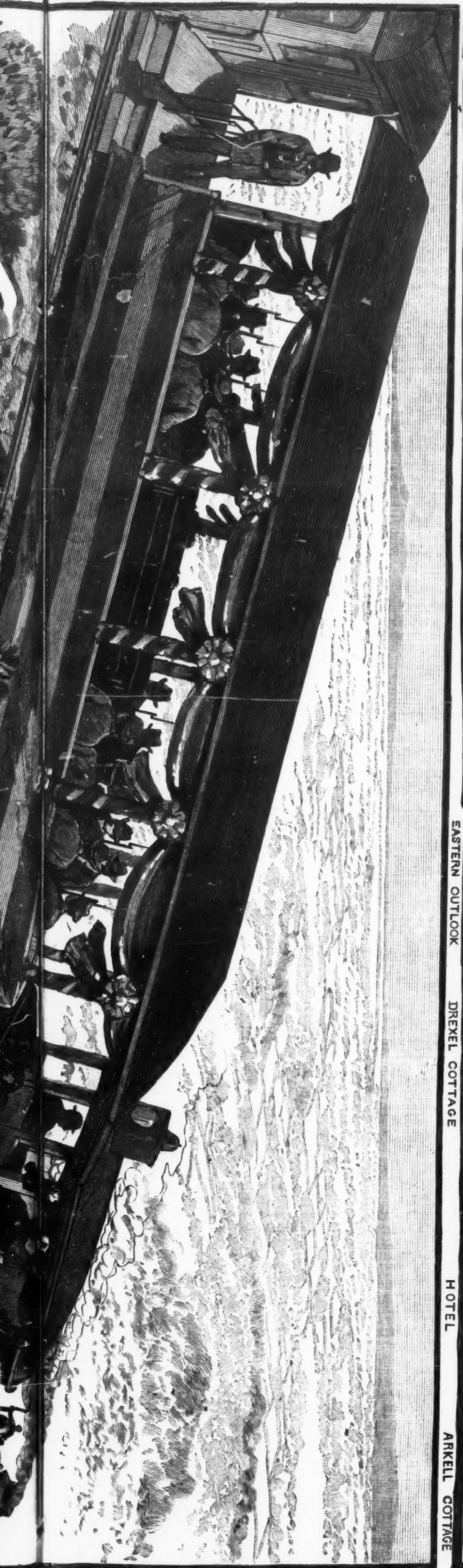
1. CAMP OF COMPANY "E," TWELFTH INFANTRY, U.S.A., AT MOUNT M'GREGOR — THE RELIEF GUARD. 2. BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MOUNT M'GREGOR AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY. 3. THE FUNERAL TRAIN. 4. VIEW OF RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK CITY, SHOWING THE TEMPORARY TOMB AND MOUND BEYOND, WHERE THE NATION'S HERO WILL BE BURIED.

THE FUNERAL AND BURIAL-PLACE OF GENERAL U.S. GRANT.

FROM SKETCHES BY STAFF ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 403.



EASTERN OUTLOOK DREXEL COTTAGE HOTEL ARKELL COTTAGE



The Princess Ermenzarde; OR, The Begum's Bracelet.

By M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER XII.

THE day of Lady B's Charity Fair dawned with unusual clearness of sky, and, therefore, abundant sunshine.

"We must give half a day at least to that fair," announced Miss Poindexter to Philip. "It is a semi-annual penance which I pay for the sin of the rest of the year's reserve and exclusion. But it will be a good opportunity for introducing you into our country society. Half the shire, and more, will be on the grounds before the day is over."

"I can drive down to the mills, and look over the reports there, and send off the letters for the mining agent before one o'clock, if you will give me that time," answered Philip, eagerly.

For, the fair which promised only a weary performance of distasteful duty to Miss Poindexter presented pleasing anticipation to the young man.

He had made his call at Riverside, and learned that Lady Wistar was to preside at one of the tables, and that Winifred would be one of the fair assistants who dispensed bonbons to the purchasers.

Miss Poindexter smiled at the eagerness of his look, not, it would seem, without a faint approval of his interest.

"You will enjoy it, Philip. There are pleasant people to be met, and young gentlemen and ladies whose acquaintance will naturally add to the variety of your life. The chief thing that will make society endurable to me will be that it shall add to your happiness."

"You are very good to me," he answered, gratefully. "I hope you see how thoroughly I understand the generosity of your treatment."

She smiled again, thoughtfully, but with a genial glow of warmth that wrought great transformation in the marble beauty of her face.

"How beautiful she must have been when that young Robert Morrill met her at the secret trysting ground of which Madame De Leivenéz told me," thought Philip. "How fascinating and irresistible she would be now if that cold severity of expression were banished from the grand face."

If he thought this while she stood before him in her plain black dress, without an attempt at adornment, how much was the impression deepened when she reappeared at noon in an elaborate toilet of costly black lace, over a pale gray satin dress, and hat and mantle alike bearing the imprint of some rare Parisian taste. Great diamonds swung from the bar which pinned the lace at her throat, and flashed in her ears, and from out the black and gold bracelets that were clasped upon her wrists.

Philip paid her that most subtle compliment of all—the silent homage of a quick delighted glance, which was full of admiration.

She smiled at him, yet there was a dew gathering in her great, dark eyes, even as she said:

"Now we are to put off canker care, are we not, and give ourselves up to festivity and enjoyment? I will try to be amiable for your sake, my young friend!"

And she seemed to hold herself to that promise. Philip had never yet seen her exhibit so near an approach to gaiety.

She talked cheerfully, and with great ability upon many widely varying topics, but none of them bearing in the least upon personal or even business themes, as the carriage rolled along over the half dozen miles of fairest country between Cedarswold and the stately estate where the fair was held.

When they reached the scene of festivity, they found every avenue of approach thronged by vehicles of all sorts, but all glittering with costly appurtenances, and filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen.

Gaily decorated tents were pitched upon a magnificent lawn which stretched in the rear to carefully tended, and lavishly filled gardens, which ended in crystal walls of long-continued hothouses. In the foreground ran the lovely river, and there were flag-wreathed boats moored to the shore, and charming groups were scattered here and there, and liveried pages were darting to and fro. And altogether it was a scene of great brilliancy and admiration.

The greatest number of people were hanging about a mammoth tent in the centre, from whence came harmonious strains of music.

"We shall find Lady B—and the patronesses there," said Miss Poindexter, as the coachman drew up his horses, and the footman dismounted from behind to open the carriage door.

Philip gave her his arm when he had assisted her to alight, and they joined the brilliant procession moving towards that central tent.

He saw what respectful attention his companion received, and secretly wondered if, after all, she had not chosen the surest way to win the highest prizes in high life (if the chief interest of the aristocratic crowd can be called such) by her very haughtiness of isolation.

He caught whispered explanations: "That is the grand lady of Cedarswold!"

"There is the proud Miss Poindexter!"

And he was quite conscious, although she appeared unaware of the score and more of high-born women who watched with keenest interest when Philip and Miss Poindexter made their way to the flower wreathed dais, where Lady B—and her committee gave their reception greetings to the guests.

Nothing in Miss Poindexter's manner, however, allowed any one to suspect that this was an unwelcome ordeal, or in the least out of the common course of her life.

Her young companion could not help a little

wonder at the careless ease and grace of manner with which she introduced him, and held a sort of court for half an hour, at least, with all the most noted people of the shire crowding about her in scarcely suppressed exultation over her reappearance among them.

"My dear Mr. Laing," said Lady B—, in her most gracious tone, "we shall look upon you as a public benefactor, if you should be the means of bringing Miss Poindexter more frequently among us. Her close retirement there at Cedarswold hides from society one of its chief ornaments. The whole shire rose up *en masse*, I assure you, in rejoicing at the fortunate termination of that fearful railroad disaster, when her recovery was fairly assured to them."

"I shall send a worthy deputy in my young friend, my dear Lady B—," answered Miss Poindexter for Philip. "You may count upon his frequent appearance."

But here the conversation was interrupted by the approach of another group, and as they came forward to be introduced Philip's face flushed a little, while Miss Poindexter's head rose to a still stately poise and an icier glitter shone across her eyes.

"Oh, my dear Lady B—, in what charming surroundings you have placed your fair! I am quite enraptured with all the arrangements," exclaimed a rather high, but clear and musical voice. And from the midst of the approaching bevy came the slight, slender figure in all its resplendence of tinkling ornaments and fluttering ribbons, which Philip speedily recognized.

He turned quickly to Miss Poindexter hoping to escape before he was called upon to speak to Madame De Leivenéz.

"Shall we move on to the tables, Miss Poindexter?" he asked, with as careless an air as he could assume.

She bent her head in acquiescence, but before they could take a step Madame De Leivenéz had glided forward.

"Philip, Philip Laing!" she exclaimed, holding out her small hand with frankest cordiality. "What a fortunate day it is proving to be! Some good spirit surely smiled upon me this morning. Why, I am meeting every one I desire to see!"

She looked up into Philip's face with as glad a smile as if he were the dearest friend she had ever known. The radiant blue eyes appeared to hold the artless innocence of a child, as she prattled on.

"How I missed you at the last party of the season! Why did you run away from London until the very day we closed up? I supposed you were going to that queer little country town. Where are you staying—what are you doing here?"

"I am at Cedarswold," replied Philip, trying not to betray the annoyance he felt at this uncomfortable encounter. "I hope you are quite recovered from your indisposition, Madame De Leivenéz."

"At Cedarswold!"

And she made up the red lips into a rosy ring, and gave the quick shrug that was so characteristic of those graceful shoulders. Then, for the first time, she seemed aware of the straight, tall figure on his arm.

"Ah, Miss Poindexter is with you! Well, my dear Philip, I will excuse you now. But come to me presently—and me out—I shall be somewhere in this tent, and we will have one of our cozy talks, you know. Go on, my dear Philip!"

She waved the slender hand in gay adieu, laughed saucily, and fluttered on.

The ladies in the vicinity exchanged glances. Philip bit his lip with keen vexation, but Miss Poindexter's face was as unmoved as a marble statue's. Not the flutter of an eyelid, not the quiver of a muscle betrayed that she had seen or heard anything out of the common course.

"If you choose, Philip," she said, in her grave, calm tones, "we will go up to that table of Eastern embroideries. I have promised Mrs. Malcolm to purchase generously there. And you might leave me to examine the attractions she offers, and go strolling where you like, since I shall take some time."

"I do not care to leave you, Miss Poindexter," he returned, resolutely. "I am an adept in those goods myself. Have I not ransacked those Cairo bazaars enough times to be thoroughly posted? Honor me by allowing me to assist your selection."

She understood his generous desire to atone for the deliberate slight which Madame De Leivenéz fancied she had put upon the mistress of Cedarswold, and gave him one of her warm, bright smiles, as she replied:

"You shall certainly give me the benefit of your taste in the matter. But women take a long time to decide about these trifling matters, and I will not have you waste too much time with me. I will see you again. Lady B—"

And as they moved away from the dais, she said, more quickly and in an undertone:

"Do not stay too long with me, Philip. That woman will be buzzing around me like a malicious gnat if you do. She must not have the satisfaction of believing that she has power to annoy me. Besides," she added, "will not Winifred Darke be here? You will wish to be with her."

"And will not you also wish to see sweet Winifred?" was in Philip's thought, but he dared not give it voice.

"Ah!" he said, the next moment, "there she is! She is crossing before the flower pyramid."

"Who—Madame De Leivenéz?"

"No, oh, no! But Winifred—it is surely Miss Darke," he said, eagerly, though in a lower tone of voice.

Miss Poindexter turned her stately head to follow the direction of his guiding glance.

He felt her fingers twitch fiercely in their hold upon his arm as she did so.

"Yes, there was Lord and Lady Wistar, and behind them walked fair young Winifred, leaning upon the arm of Sir Robert Benthorne."

They were passing towards the confectionary table.

Miss Poindexter's dark eyes singled out the pair, and followed them, while all the rest of the gay scene seemed to swim before her in one glaring blaze that blinded her.

What was it to her that her heart seemed to writhe, and swell, and quiver in poignant pangs of anguish while she gazed, and saw his proud head stoop to that other graceful one, while the girl's trustful eyes smiled back lovingly to his?

"Fate is stronger than all my plans. Oh, how inexorably strong it is!" was her secret cry, though the proud, cold face betrayed nothing of the inward tumult. "I see it. Oh, heavens! I see this sight before me, and I do not quail nor blench—I do not faint or die!"

"Yes, it is Winifred, and that, I suppose, is Sir Robert Benthorne. What a fine presence he has!" talked Philip.

And the words sung and buzzed in her ears without sense or significance.

Sir Robert had taken his charge into the midst of a bevy of young beauties, and was introducing her to them. Then he beckoned to a fair maiden laden with flowers, and purchased all her fragrant wares from out the basket on her arm, and filled all their white hands with his beautiful spoil. And they gathered about him, smiling and gleeful, and he jested with them. But always, it was plain to see, he kept his brightest smile and gentlest word for Winifred Darke.

"How fortunate she is!" sighed Philip, half unaware that he was speaking his thoughts aloud. "It is very evident she has already won Sir Robert's heart. How proudly he watches her. How tender his looks and gestures are?"

"Go to her, Philip," commanded Miss Poindexter, in a low, fierce tone. "Take her away from him. Win her smiles for yourself."

He turned to her in profound astonishment.

"Shall I bring her to speak with you, Miss Poindexter? I think that summons would be more powerful than anything I could urge," he ventured to say.

"Yes, you may bring her. Here is the embroidery table. Ah, Mrs. Malcolm, you see I have come for an early choice. Can you give me a seat at the end of the table? I will examine all your stock. This is my young friend, Mr. Laing, who is staying at Cedarswold with me, Mrs. Malcolm. He fancies he is able to assist my judgment of your embroideries. When I have made my own selection, I will allow him to exercise his taste."

She spoke rather more swiftly than was quite natural, but still in her own carefully modulated tones. There was a glassy brilliancy of the great, dark eyes, a little firmer setting together of the proud lips, but in no other way did she betray her real excitement.

Philip saw her seated with the tempting texture spread before her, and then hastened towards the youthful group about Sir Robert.

Winifred Darke saw him coming, and took an involuntary step toward him.

"Oh, Mr. Laing, you have really come. Is it not a fairy scene," she said; and then dropped her voice to ask eagerly: "Is she here? Has Miss Poindexter come?"

"She is here. I have left her at the embroidery table. And she has sent me to bring you to speak with her."

Winifred's face lighted up with pleasure at this announcement.

"Let me introduce you to my guardian, first," she said. "Sir Robert, one moment, please. This is Mr. Philip Laing. You have wished to meet him, you know."

With friendly warmth Sir Robert shook hands with Philip, yet the young man fancied there was a little embarrassment in his manner.

"You are right, dear. I take pleasure in making Mr. Laing's acquaintance. I have heard plenty of good reports, you understand," he added, playfully, to Philip. "So you have come to enjoy the dangerous attraction of the fair, Mr. Laing."

"Just now I come to take Miss Darke away from you for a little time," said Philip. "Miss Poindexter wishes to see her."

Sir Robert's face flushed slightly, but he bowed quietly, and responded:

"Certainly; you will go of course, Winifred, my dear."

And he walked back to the group of playful girls, and left her with him.

Philip gave her his arm triumphantly.

"Why do you look so troubled?" he asked, suddenly, as he saw her eyes turn back, following Sir Robert with wistful sympathy.

"It is nothing very important, but I wish you had not called her name. We do not say it to him if we can help it."

"Her name—whose?"

"Miss Poindexter's. She was engaged to marry him once."

"To marry Sir Robert Benthorne! Oh, no, you are mistaken, it was a Robert Morrill," he returned, with decision.

"But Robert Morrill became Sir Robert Benthorne when his brother died," she persisted. "Did you not recognize his voice. It was he who came that night at the cottage when we thought she might die."

"Ah!" exclaimed Philip, recalling now why Sir Robert's mellow voice had seemed so familiar.

"He is so noble, so generous, so thoroughly upright, I cannot bear that he should be pained in any way that I can avert," went on Winifred, warmly.

"How soon you have fitted yourself into this new sphere," said Philip.

And it sounded as if there was an accusation of some sort in the words.

"Yes, I have marveled over it myself, replied she, sweetly. "I seem to have belonged here always. But it must be because they are so kind, and have taken me so closely to their hearts."

Philip was a little ashamed of his lack of generosity, and said:

"You seem more in your natural sphere here. And who can wonder that they love you. But here is the embroidery table."

Miss Poindexter had pushed her chair back so that the flags which draped their canopy above the table shaded her face and partially screened her figure.

The pile of silken stuffs, with their glowing embroideries of blossom and vine, lay glistening before her.

She stretched her hand across them.

"I am glad to see you again, Miss Winifred. And it is evident, from your looks, that you are well and happy. They are kind to you in your new home."

"Oh, so kind and tender! It is like coming from some Siberian waste of ice and snow into the sunny gardens of a tropic land," answered Winifred, eagerly. "But you must not think I mean to reflect upon Aunt Emmeline, poor Aunt Emmeline! who was bound by some miserable chain, I think, or for ever menaced by some ghostly shadows. She did her very best for me. And I believe she is happy at last, and so I do not mourn for her."

A low, suppressed sigh was Miss Poindexter's only answer.

"But you, are you quite recovered? It seems to me you are still pale and worn," pursued Winifred, rejoicing to discover that her trepidation had been overcome, and that she felt none of that embarrassment she had dreaded.

"Oh, I am in my usual health, not quite as strong, possibly. The shock would naturally remain a good while."

"Monsieur Philippe, I am wanting an escort over to the fortune-teller's tent," interrupted the voice that was always so tantalizingly musical. "Would it be very disagreeable if I asked you to accompany me?"

Poor Philip turned in dismay.

There was Madame De Leivenéz, smiling, brilliant, wide-eyed and innocent, the slender hand extended, ready to drop upon his arm.

"Miss Darke, you will perhaps enjoy a fortune at the gypsy's tent, likewise?" said Philip, in an almost imploring voice.

But Winifred shook her head lightly.

"Oh, no, not now, Mr. Laing. I wish to talk with Miss Poindexter," answered Winifred.

She turned her head and with a deprecating smile looked at him as she said it.

And Madame watched her, and when she met the full glance of the soft gray eyes she gave a little start, and stared with almost ill-bred persistency.

Ermenzarde Poindexter saw it, and as chill a dread seized her as if she had beheld the coils of some venomous serpent winding about the girlish figure, especially after Philip gave the introductions.

"Miss Darke?" repeated Madame De Leivenéz; "it is not a name I am familiar with."

"Her home is at Riverside, with Lady Wistar," explained Philip.

Madame lifted her eyebrows and smiled. Miss Poindexter saw it, and clinched the cold hands lying in her lap to keep down the fierce cry that rose to her lips.

"Come with us to the fortune-teller's tent, Miss Darke," said Madame, with that sweet, seductive smile of hers. "It will be great sport, I promise you. That brilliant creature, Mabel Armour, personates the queen. And it will be worth one's while to catch her sybil prophecies."

"But I wish to see Miss Poindexter," persisted the girl.

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"Miss Poindexter will not dissolve in your absence, and the fortune-teller lasts but this one hour," she said, turning slowly, and, with insolent audacity, letting those shining blue eyes pass slowly over Miss Poindexter's face.

The latter bore it with heroism, but gave no single sign of recognition. She turned towards the embarrassed ladies at the table, and began counting off the articles of embroidery she had selected. Not by word, or look, or gesture would the proud woman interfere with Madame De Leivenéz's proposal or acknowledge her presence.

"I will go to the tent with Sir Robert," said Winifred, "if I have my fortune told at all."

"Sir Robert?" repeated Madame.

"My guardian, Sir Robert Benthorne. He will take me to the tent if I wish to go," declared Winifred, resolutely.

Madame made some low, swift ejaculation in French, too low to be caught by any one. But she lifted those sparkling, dancing, bewitching, sapphire eyes to the girl's face, and implored, in the most courteous tones:

"Only come, my dear, and never mind the cavalier. Our brilliant Mabel must be well repaid for her exertions. The fortune-teller's receipts must not fall behind the others. Will you let me take off Monsieur Laing? I will send him back to you most promptly when his fortune is given."

This last sentence rather punished Winifred for her obstinacy. Philip's fortune told! Even in jest it could not lack interest for her.

But she let them go, and stood up beside the table, absently turning over the embroideries, and grateful for Philip's hasty assurance:

"Indeed, I will return quickly, Miss Darke, you may be sure of that."

Miss Poindexter, with a kindly smile, looked over to her and motioned for an attendant to place a chair before her and at the same end of the table.

"Will you not sit down, Miss Darke, and look at the embroideries I have chosen?" she said, when this was done.

Was this a stratagem to ensure the dropping of the girl's lids and the hiding of those soft gray eyes? At the same time she settled herself still further into the shadows of the curtaining flags.

Winifred admired the subdued tints and the skillful wrought lines of gold thread, but it was very evident that her interest was not with them. "Who is this Madame De Leivenéz?" she asked, presently. "And why do I feel a creeping sensation, as if she were something deadly from which my deepest instincts warn me?"

Miss Poindexter's lowered lids hid a wistful look of keen sympathy. But she only smiled tranquilly, and answered:

"She has taken a great fancy to Philip Laing. Perhaps you think her fascinations won him away from us just now. But, I assure you, he went reluctantly."

"Oh, yes, I saw that. But the lady herself—she—made me shiver. I can't find the exact words I want to explain my meaning. But you know the superstition about the opal's paling in the presence of poison. It was like that, the feeling I had when she looked at me."

"You have the opal's subtle, inborn attribute, mayhap," replied Miss Poindexter.

"She was very handsome—fascinating is the word, though. I could not help following every motion of hers. What expressive gestures she used! And how those blue eyes of hers changed in color! Her smile, too, was so sweet—but overpoweringly so. I thought of the deadly beauty of poisonous flowers and serpents all the time she was talking. It is very strange! What should have made me feel so strangely?"

"Who can explain that mystic sway of what we call a woman's intuition?" answered Miss Poindexter. "We are all of us puzzled by it. It may be inherited, it may be fed by a vivid imagination. I think generally we do well to heed its impulse, though."

"It did not seem of myself, but as if some one else had given me the warning," persisted Winifred.

Miss Poindexter laid one hand against her heart. She was growing worn and tired beneath this burden of suppressed excitement. Such thoughts, such wild, stinging thoughts leaped up in her brain at every word this girl uttered!

It was a great relief to her when she saw Philip returning alone.

"What was the fortune?" asked Winifred, brightening out of her pensive, dreamy mood.

"I did not wait for it. Madame was taken in behind the scenes, and I was only too happy to be able to return. But I promised to cross the queen's palm with my silver before I left the fair."

"We will all go," said Winifred, eagerly. "And there is Sir Robert looking for me. Perhaps they need me at Lady Wistar's table."

She waved her fan in answer to his look, and the baronet made his way through the increasing crowd and came towards them.

He bowed with great respect, though in a formal fashion, to Miss Poindexter, and gave his arm to Winifred, who looked so proud and happy when she accepted it that Miss Poindexter's great dark eyes filled with unbidden tears, while Philip's face showed a little pique and wounded vanity.

"Come for us to go with you for the fortunes," was the girl's parting adjuration.

To be continued.)

THE HONORED DEAD.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE BURIAL OF GENERAL GRANT—SCENES AT MOUNT MCGREGOR AND IN NEW YORK CITY.

TUESDAY, the 4th of August, will rank as a notable day in American history, for then the obsequies attending the transfer of General Grant's remains to their last resting-place commenced with a simple, solemn funeral service at the cottage on Mount McGregor. There, twelve days after his death, the heroic dead lay in peace, while tender hands performed their last ministrations. The men of the U. S. Grant Post kept their faithful vigil over the bier. Outside the house of mourning, the Wheeler Post mounted guard on the veranda, and regulars of the United States Army paced with measured footfalls the shaded paths. Peace rested on the mountain-side. The sunlight flickered and the breeze sighed through the tall pines. The twittering of the birds but intensified the solemn stillness.

As General Grant lay in his coffin, his face bore no trace of suffering, but appeared much as it had when he was alive and in health. The lips seemed about to speak. The hair, as it was brushed, showed little gray; the beard was whitened, but a good deal of brown remained in it. The body was clothed in black broadcloth. Above the buttons of the Prince Albert coat a gold stud glistened. The plain gold ring which the General had long worn was on the little finger of the left hand. It was one which Mrs. Grant had given to him many years ago. As his sickness proceeded the ring became too large for the finger, and the General kept it in his pocket. It was Mrs. Grant's desire that this ring should go to the grave with him, and her wish was carried out by Colonel Grant. A little package was placed in the pocket of the coat containing a lock of Mrs. Grant's hair and a note acknowledging the receipt of the letter that was to be delivered to her after his death, an affectionate farewell and the expression of an earnest hope that they would soon meet again. The body lay quite flat, but the head was raised slightly by its pillow of satin, bringing the face into fine relief. The neck was dressed with a standing collar and plain black silk tie. The adjustment of these was the last act of personal service which Harrison, the faithful negro valet, was enabled to perform for his dead master.

Was ever sight more pathetic than that of the glorious military hero dressed to go to his grave in the plain garments of a civilian? No uniform, no sword, not a trophy nor a sign to recall the triumphant past of this great leader of armies! Why were these absent? Because when General Grant died, no relic of his military career remained in

his possession. Not even his uniform was left. Mr. Vanderbilt, under his mortgage—and, it is understood, at General Grant's request—turned over all the personal trophies and effects to the Government. General Grant reserved nothing to himself, and so everything was taken. It is not doubted, however, that before next Saturday, or, possibly before these lines shall reach the public, this apparent destitution, so to speak, of the noble dead, will be remedied by the Government authorities.

The coffin is six feet long, banded with solid silver frames and portals. The metallic part, which is inside the red cedar-covered shell, is of highly polished copper one-eighth of an inch thick. The top is of French plate beveled glass, opened full length. The inside of the coffin is lined with light-cream satin, beautifully tufted, with an elegant pillow, on which, in raised letters, on an embroidered ribbon, are the initials "U. S. G." The handles are of solid silver, specially designed for the coffin. On the top is a gold-plated inscription plate, on which is engraved the simple inscription:

U. S. GRANT.

The outside box is of imported cedar, highly polished and decorated with handsome mountings, and is lined heavily with lead. The cedar portion is covered with deep purple plush. The coffin is perfectly air-tight and practically indestructible.

Many floral tributes from military posts, personal and other friends, were laid on the bier at Mount McGregor, and amongst these was the wreath of oak-leaves woven by little Nellie Grant, the General's favorite grandchild. Great numbers of sightseers have been attracted to the cottage during the past week, and the necessity of the guard has been evident. There have been hundreds of applications for some piece of the furniture used in the cottage. The relic-hunters would cut the cottage all to pieces inside of a week, and not leave a stick or stone of it standing if the property should be left unprotected.

Universal sympathy has been felt for Mrs. Grant, whose nerves and physical system have suffered severely from the strain of the past few months. At least one ray of comfort is left her. After the General's death a sealed letter, addressed to Mrs. Grant, was found upon his person. This last message, tender and pathetic, full of devotion and love, brings consolation, even while the sight of it provokes passionate outbursts of grief.

The funeral ceremony at Mount McGregor was conducted by Dr. Newman. It was a simple service appropriate to the feelings of the family, who naturally desired to have the dead to themselves for a season before the pomp and pageantry of the public obsequies should begin.

The car which bore the remains and the mourners down the mountain to Saratoga, had been specially arranged. It was the same car in which the General ascended the mountain just seven weeks ago. The rear was entirely open, and every part of the car was draped in mourning. The coffin rested upon heavy pedestals in the middle of the car, and there was a guard of twenty-six men. A transfer of the remains was made at the Saratoga terminus of the mountain road, as the mountain funeral car was mounted on narrow gauge trucks, while the connecting roads are of the usual broad gauge. At Albany the ladies were transferred to another special train, in which they came to New York, the funeral train waiting in Albany until Wednesday afternoon in order that the body may lie in state for a few hours in the Executive Chamber. The catafalque will be set in the centre of the large apartment. The canopy will be twelve feet in height, surmounted by a dome, and lighted with electric lights. The pillars will be trimmed with American flags in festoons. The pedestal on which the coffin will rest is to be three feet wide and two feet six inches tall at the head—having a pitch of eighteen inches. This is arranged so that children can view the features. There will be impressive military and musical ceremonies.

The funeral train will arrive in New York city on Wednesday afternoon. The funeral car which is to receive the body upon its arrival at the Grand Central Station to conduct it to the City Hall, and subsequently to the place of burial, is a platform-car, the wheels of which are entirely concealed by a drapery of heavy black cloth, fringe, and tassels. Upon this platform-car will be placed the catafalque, which in its turn will receive the casket.

The catafalque will be draped with black broadcloth, and trimmed with heavy fringes. Above the catafalque and over the casket there will be a black canopy, supported by four dark mahogany posts, elaborately carved and carefully finished. The canopy will be composed of broadcloth, paneled with satin and lined with silk. The whole structure will be twenty feet high, and the most imposing thing of the kind ever seen in this country. Twenty-four black horses are to draw the funeral car. Each horse, it is said, will be led by a colored groom. The principal one of these grooms will probably be Hawkins, the White House coachman. He is a coal-black giant. The General took him as his driver during Johnson's Administration while in charge of the War Department. Then he went to the White House with the General and has since remained there. He was very devoted to his benefactor, and wrote last week to General Porter, asking that he might drive the dear General for the last time at his funeral.

The body will lie in state at the City Hall until Saturday, the 8th instant, when the grand public funeral will take place. Governor Hill has officially proclaimed the day a legal holiday. The spectacle will be one of the most impressive ever witnessed here. The draping of the buildings, public and private, began as soon as General Grant's death was announced, and each day since then has seen additions to the emblems of mourning. The city is literally veiled in black, and thousands of flags droop at half-mast. Everywhere, in mansion and in tenement-house, in all quarters of the city, and in every grade of picture, bust and medallion, appears the face of Grant. None are too poor to do homage to his memory. On the principal thoroughfares the drapings are of a magnificent character, often falling down the front of the great buildings from roof to sidewalk in one vast sable cloud. The work upon the City Hall, of the decoration department of the Unexcelled Fire Works Company, under direction of Mr. C. H. Koster, was among the most noteworthy for its strength and highly artistic effect, and constantly attracted throngs of admiring spectators.

President Cleveland and all the members of his Cabinet will attend the funeral ceremonies on Saturday. Nearly all the surviving members of General Grant's Cabinet will also attend. Deputations from every part of the Union will be present, and the military portion of the procession will be vast. The entire pageant will be organized by General Hancock. Twenty-five thousand Grand Army soldiers have asked for places. It is estimated that there will be 50,000 men in line, exclusive of carriages.

The President has appointed the following pallbearers: General William T. Sherman; Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan; Admiral David D. Porter; Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan; General Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia; General Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky; Hamilton Fish, of New York; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; George W. Childs, of Pennsylvania; John A. Logan, of Illinois; George Jones, of New York; Oliver Hoyt, of New York. This selection has been much commended. North and South, the Army and Navy, the Senate and the Press are each represented. The following route will probably be adopted for the procession from the City Hall to the tomb at the upper end of the Riverside Park: Up Broadway to Fourteenth Street, to Fifth Avenue, to Fifty-seventh Street, to Broadway, to the Boulevard, to Seventy-second Street, to Riverside Drive, and to the place of interment.

The original idea of adopting Central Park as the burial-place was soon abandoned in favor of the happier choice of Riverside Park. The site selected is at the upper end of the park, on the plateau of the high bluff overlooking the Hudson at Manhattanville. It is about opposite the western end of One Hundred and twenty-third Street. Lovely, lofty and lonely, the spot is in every way appropriate for the tomb of the great soldier. The surrounding country is filled with associations of the War of the Revolution. At One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street is the Clairmont House, built by Lord Courtney, an eccentric Englishman, before the Revolution, and occupied by him for many years. Recently it has been fitted up by the Park Board for a restaurant, and has become a favorite resort for bicycle riders and horsemen.

The temporary tomb in which the remains of General Grant will rest until a monument shall be erected, was designed by Mr. J. Wrey Mould. It had to be built with great dispatch, as the site was fixed upon but little more than a week before the time set for the funeral. The structure on the outside is 17 feet long, 12 feet 4 inches wide, and 12 feet high. It has one door opening towards the Hudson River. An iron cross 3 feet high is placed on the roof over the door. The material employed is red and black brick, with granite at the base, blue stone where the rounding barrel roof springs from the sides, and a granite keystone at the top. Inside the tomb is 13 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 11 feet high, the doorway is 4 feet wide and 4 feet 6 inches high, and the door of oak with massive iron hinges. Brick piers are built from the floor, and marble slabs placed on the piers. On the slabs General Grant's coffin will rest. This arrangement is in accordance with the wish of Colonel Grant. The floor is two feet below the surrounding level.

The movement for the raising of funds for the proposed monument has been promptly organized, and a good start has been made in the work. An Executive Committee of fifteen has been appointed by Mayor Grace, with the following officers: Chairman, ex-President Chester A. Arthur; Vice-Chairmen, Mayor Grace and ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish; Treasurer, the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co.; and Secretary, Professor R. T. Greener. In addition to the Executive Committee, a General Committee has been appointed, including the names of a large number of influential and wealthy New Yorkers. The Western Union Telegraph Company started the fund with a subscription of \$5,000. Over \$10,000 had been raised before the end of last week, and subscriptions are beginning to come in rapidly. No definite plan for the monument is as yet under consideration, but the proposition is to raise a million dollars, and erect on the banks of the Hudson a memorial which shall fitly convey to future ages our estimate of Grant.

A FAIRY FAN FOR BRIDE BEATRICE.

ONE of the royal gifts to the Princess Beatrice on the occasion of her marriage will be a fan of exquisite workmanship, to be undertaken by a student of the British School of Art. The painting is executed on white silk, and consists of a spray of orange blossoms, while in a sunny sky above appear a number of young loves gayly sporting and announcing the happy occasion, and others suspending in mid-air, by a golden ribbon, the Princess's coronet. In the distance is a view of Osborne House, the loved home of Princess Beatrice and the Queen. On the reverse of the fan is painted a stand of bee-hives, with bees approaching another spray of orange blossoms. The framework of the fan is of the finest ivory; the protecting mounts are in silver wrought in repoussé work, interspersed with diamonds; the outer edge sloping to the ivory is fastened in a light lace-like pattern in finest silver cord after the Etruscan fashion. The main features of the inner design are boldly marked by raised edges accentuated at short intervals by fine diamonds of the purest water. Within these borders the orange blossom and myrtle are wrought in repoussé. A superb ivory box, with initial device, lock and key, incloses this superb work of art.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 25TH.—At Bellefontaine, O., Judge James Walker, a prominent politician, aged 62 years; in Columbus, O., Judge John W. Okey, of the Ohio Supreme Court, aged 58 years; in Halifax, N. S., Captain George T. Sinclair, formerly of the Confederate Navy, aged 69 years. JULY 26TH.—In Orange, N. J., John Nichol, a well-known centenarian. JULY 27TH.—In New York, Joseph S. Lowrey, a well-known merchant, aged 64 years; in Galesburg, Ill., Chauncey S. Colton, projector of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, aged 85 years; at Bay Ridge, N. Y., George T. Hope, President of the Continental Insurance Company, aged 70 years; in Rochester, N. Y., Judge William C. Rowley. JULY 28TH.—In Ramsgate, England, Sir Moses Montefiore, the Hebrew philanthropist, aged 100 years. JULY 29TH.—In North Conway, N. H., Charles R. Train, a well-known Boston lawyer, aged 68 years; in San Francisco, Cal., Henry A. Pierce, appointed by President Grant Minister to the Hawaiian Islands; in France, Dr. Henri Milne Edwards, the famous French savant, aged 85 years. JULY 30TH.—In Chicago, Ill., Dr. John O'Kane Murray, of Philadelphia, a Catholic writer of note, aged 38 years; in New York, Dr. Marcus C. Tully, aged 67 years; in Wilmington, Del., the Very Rev. Patrick Reilly, Pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church, aged 78 years; in New York, Stanley Huntley, the well-known newspaper writer and humorist, aged 40 years. JULY 31ST.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Cornell, Rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, aged 55 years; in Louisville, Ky., Nicholas Henry Resch, French and Italian Consul.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALICE FIELD, daughter of Cyrus Field, is writing a novel.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER has just completed his seventy-fifth year.

MISS EMMA THURSBY will reappear in the concert-room next month.

THE health of Emperor William, of Germany, is said to be much improved.

DWIGHT L. MOODY has been seriously ill at Newport, and is by no means well yet.

COLONEL MAPLESON is endeavoring to secure Mme. Gerster to sing in opera in America next year.

CLEVELAND, Hendricks and Reform are the names that a proud Virginia father has given to his triplet sons.

SARAH BERNHARDT is continually developing new eccentricities. It is now reported that she is paying her debts.

STRAKOSCH will take Mme. Nilsson on a tour of Sweden and Norway with the tenor Bjorksten and the violinist Fischer.

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN is arranging to hold a reunion of the Sherman family at Mansfield, Ohio, the first week in September.

COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY has disposed of his property in Virginia, and, if he returns to the United States, contemplates settling somewhere on the Pacific Coast.

THE Viscount Tredern, one of the great lights of French society, has been condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment for wife-beating. His wife is a cousin of Leon Say.

It is stated that the executors of Victor Hugo propose to erect a statue of the poet at Besançon, his birthplace, and in the Pantheon a tomb worthy of the illustrious dead.

THE Pope, last week, proclaimed the Rev. Father Byrne Bishop of Mobile, Ala., and the Very Rev. R. Phelan, present Vicar-general, Coadjutor Bishop of Pittsburg, Pa.

LORD SALISBURY's handsome, brilliant and accomplished wife was, before she wedded him, Georgiana Alderson, daughter of Sir Edward H. Alderson, and for three years the belle of London.

MR. GLADSTONE is not poor, as some of his admirers frequently state. He is in receipt of an income of \$25,000 annually from his estate at Hawarden, but this is much diminished by his many expenditures for charity.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has postponed his vacation, owing to the death of General Grant, until the middle of August, when he will go the Adirondacks. He will remain away from Washington through the month of September.

THERE is infallible authority in the British Royal Family for the practice of a forty-eight hours' honeymoon. The Prince Consort laid it down that a *solitude à deux* of that duration was the right thing, and Princess Beatrice was allowed no more by the Queen.

POPE LEO XIII. has not mastered English pronunciation fully, and recently bewildered the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk by asking what they really thought of the character and ability of "Corkhill." It took them some time to determine that he meant Lord Randolph Churchill.

PROFESSOR HERBERT SMITH and his party of naturalists from Baltimore, who have been for some years in Brazil, have made a collection of 60,000 specimens of insects, birds and animals in eighteen provinces of the empire. They will explore the Valley of the Amazon this Fall.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, the eminent British Liberal, was recently sued for \$25,000 damages by the husband of a lady with whom he has maintained improper relations. To avoid a trial he, last week, paid over the sum claimed to the person aggrieved. The affair has caused great excitement in English society.

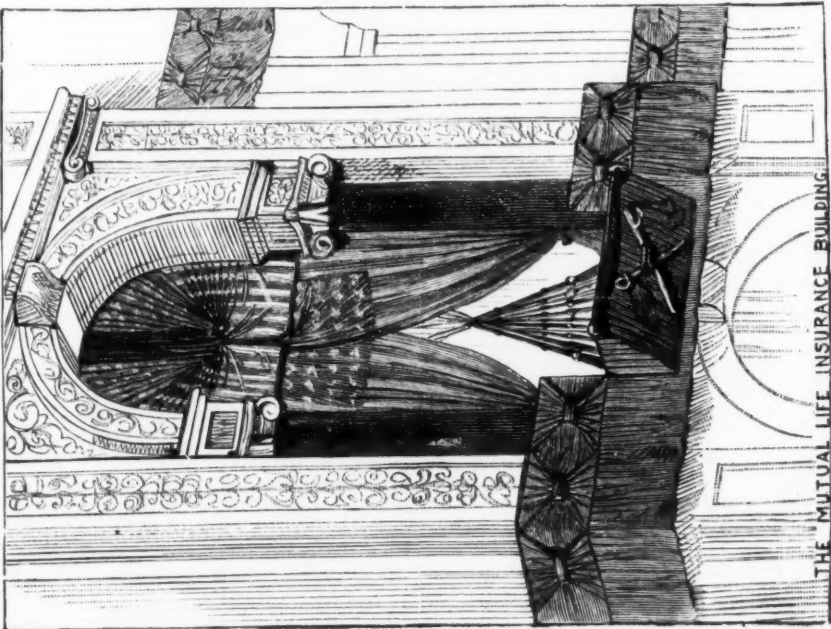
PRINCE HENRY, of Battenberg, at his marriage to Princess Beatrice, gave the responses so well in English that it was thought he must have mastered the language. It turns out that he was specially drilled in the responses by the grooms-men, and that he doesn't know enough of English to carry on ordinary conversation in that language.

It is no longer doubted that the Mahdi is dead. A special agent of the late insurgent, who has often been sent on confidential missions to the Egyptian Government, has arrived at Cairo, and has fully confirmed the report that El Mahdi died of disease on June 22d. The agent says, however, that the warfare will be carried on as vigorously as ever, and will reach Upper Egypt by the end of this year.

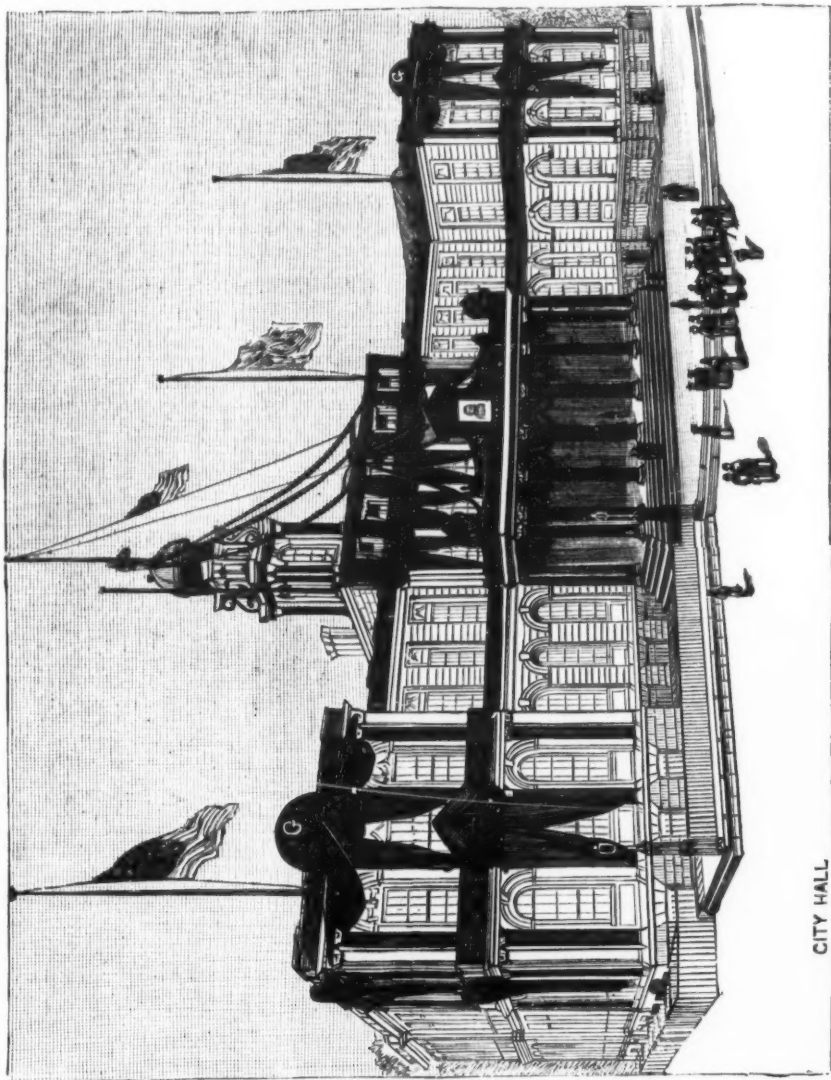
THE collection of works of art belonging to the late Mrs. Maria Morgan, of New York, will be sold at auction in the Fall. It will be the most memorable sale ever known in this country. The collection is valued at \$2,000,000, and includes some of the finest examples of modern French art on canvas and in metal, and of Oriental art, particularly Chinese and Japanese pottery and metal-work, that were ever brought to the United States.

MEASURING Robert G. Ingersoll by the common cash standard, it may be said that his income from his law practice and his berating of Christianity is larger than that of any clergyman in the United States. The largest salary paid to a pastor is Henry Ward Beecher's \$20,000. John Hall comes next with \$12,000, and a paragon worth half as much more, besides \$5,000 from Mr. Bonner for *Ledger* articles. Ingersoll's annual income as a lecturer has been over \$40,000 clear. It is doubtful if Beecher, lecture-tour and all, gets more than \$25,000.

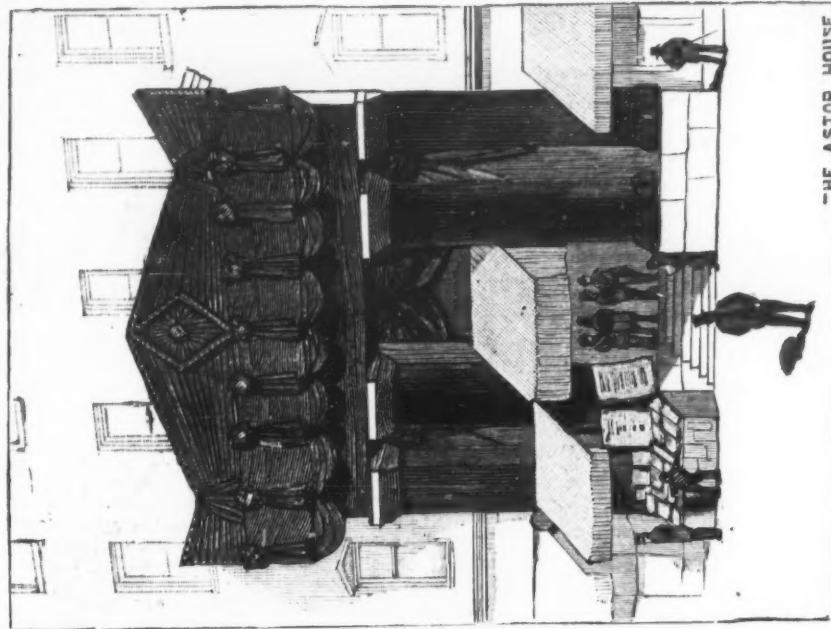
ONE of the first labors of Colonel Grant after the funeral of his father and the family is settled down will be to begin a biography of his father. Of course no one living has such ample material for giving a picture of General Grant's character and habits of thought as has the Colonel, and his book, when completed, will possess an interest second only to that felt in the work of the General. Speaking of the General's book, it is said that the reports as to the profits the family expect to derive from it have been grossly exaggerated. Their guaranteed share of the sales up to date is only \$42,000, and probably their total receipts from the book will not much exceed \$100,000. Colonel Grant is himself left without anything whatever, and it is his intention, as soon as he has completed his father's biography, to endeavor to get into some active line of business.



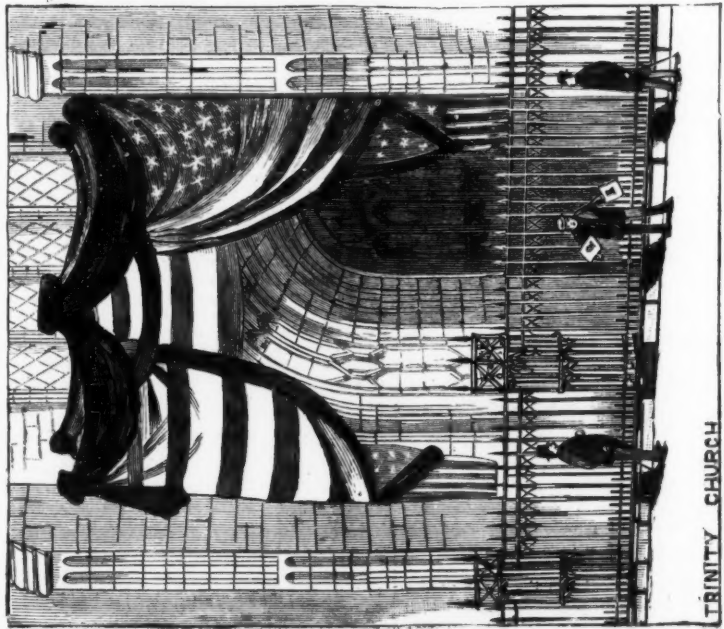
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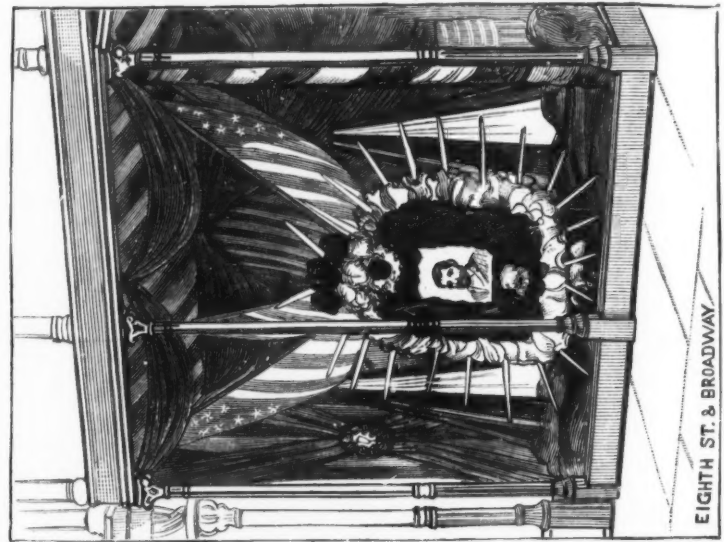
THE ASTOR HOUSE



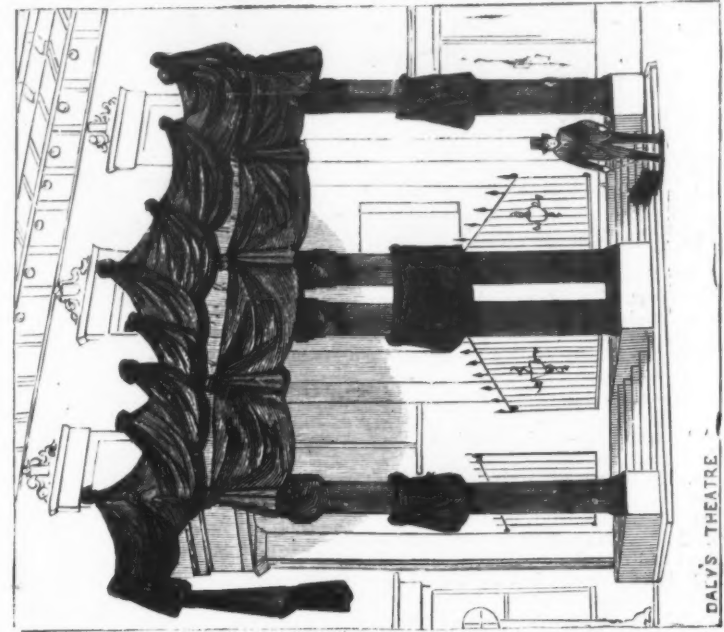
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DALY'S THEATRE

THE DEATH OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.—NEW YORK CITY IN MOURNING—SOME OF THE STRIKING MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.
FROM SKETCHES BY STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 403.



WASHINGTON, D.C.—GENERAL EDWIN E. BRYANT, ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.
PHOTO. BY BELL.

HON. EDWIN E. BRYANT,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

THE Hon. Edwin E. Bryant, of Madison, Wis., who has lately assumed the duties of Attorney-general for the Post Office Department, is one of the best-known lawyers of that State, and is a gentleman of unblemished character and reputation. He was the law partner of Postmaster-general Vilas, and their practice was as heavy as that of any law firm in the State. General Bryant is not only a lawyer of great ability, but a gentleman of the staunchest integrity, and the Government is to be congratulated that his services have been placed at the disposal of the Post Office Department.

REV. "SAM" JONES.

WE give on this page a portrait of Rev. "Sam" Jones, the great Southern revivalist, whose eccentricities and wonderful success just now engage the attention of the people of all classes in the Southwestern States.

Samuel P. Jones was born in Cartersville, Ga., in 1849. His father was a lawyer, and his grandfather and several of his uncles

were preachers. He received a good academic education, and upon reaching manhood entered the legal profession, practicing for some three years in the courts of his native county. But his habits were not favorable to success. They were conspicuously evil, and his life seemed about to prove a dismal failure, when the death of his father suddenly arrested his mad career. Converted under the preaching of a famous Georgia divine, he at once united with the Church, and soon after feeling that he had a "call" he began to preach.

For over ten years he labored among the different Churches of his native State, and his plain, straightforward manner of preaching soon created for him a name as a revivalist, and the number of his converts was something wonderful. His first evangelistic work outside of his native State was in the year 1881, and the scene of his labor was the State of Alabama. He then, at different periods, visited the States of Florida, Mississippi, Kentucky, Texas, Tennessee, South Carolina and New York. In the City of Brooklyn, in January of the present year, he held a four weeks' successful meeting in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Latterly he has been engaged in Tennessee and Missouri. In Nashville his success was most remarkable. The "gospel tent," which cost \$4,000, was not able



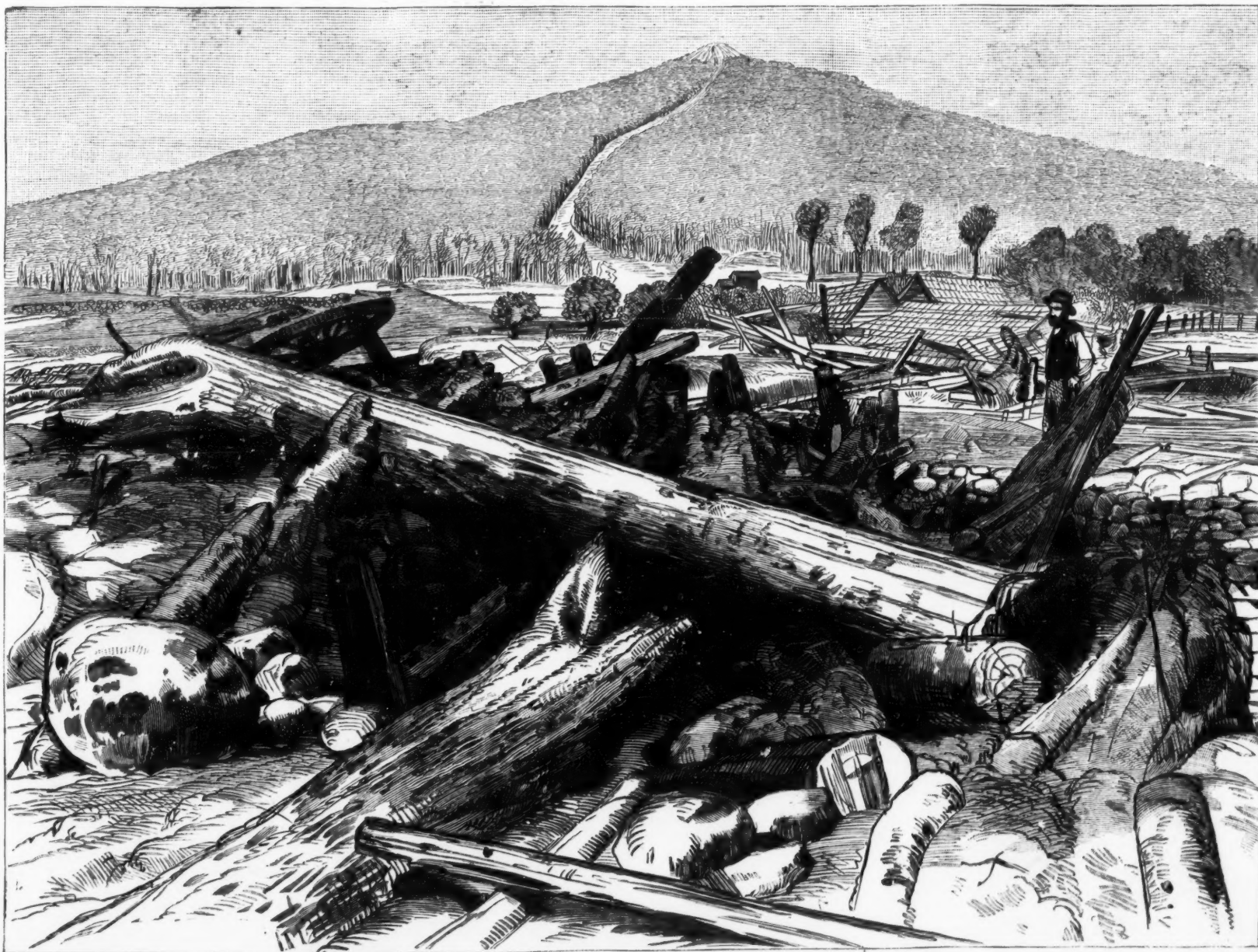
"SAM" JONES, THE FAMOUS SOUTHERN EVANGELIST.
PHOTO. BY THUSS, KOELLEIN & GIEBS, NASHVILLE.



VIRGINIA.—GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 406.

to hold the people. He preached three times a day to an average congregation of probably 5,000. For three weeks the tide rose higher each day, and when the meetings closed it reached its flood in the most wonderful demonstration ever seen in the South. It is reported that during his stay more than 2,000 souls were converted. The liberal citizens of Nashville offered him a home in their midst worth \$10,000, which he declined with thanks. At Knoxville his success was also very great. During the revival which marked his preaching in that city, twenty-seven barrooms were permanently closed, some of the owners becoming active church-members. At Murfreesborough the evangelist achieved fresh triumphs, his converts including many of the most prominent citizens. A correspondent of the Nashville American presents this estimate of the man and his work: "Mr. Jones is either the greatest revivalist of the United States to-day, or Tennesseans are the most consummate asses living. So, indeed, are the Texans, Mississippians and others, for he has aroused the same excitement everywhere. A good authority pronounces him the great pulpit commoner, as Pitt, Clay, and Johnson were the great commoners of the political world. Study the list of 'hardened sinners' whom he has converted. They are men of brains and courage and



NEW HAMPSHIRE.—SCENE OF THE RECENT DESTRUCTIVE LANDSLIDE ON CHERRY MOUNTAIN, FROM A PHOTO. BY D. W. BUTTERFIELD.—SEE PAGE 397.

convictions; men whom no ordinary breeze could move from any position. Read his sermons. Are they not, for the most part, full of plain, practical sense and theological orthodoxy? If the Christian's Bible is the foundation of hope, who could better testify to the common people (or the uncommon people, either) his faith in the divinity of the written word than when he says: 'I believe the whole swallowed Jonah; believe it literally. I only do not believe that Jonah swallowed the whale simply because the Bible doesn't say it did.' To the sinner who hesitates, who waits for his 'feelings' to move him, who wants to 'feel' that he is good enough to go before he makes any change in his conduct, was there ever a more homely or more convincing illustration presented than the anecdote of the man who sat down, ax in hand, at the root of a tree one cold, frosty morning, waiting for the sweat to break out before he went to work?

"The best answer to all his critics is to point to results. What if Brother Jones's words are plain and blunt? What though he prefers to call the devil the devil rather than 'his satanic excellency from the burned district'? Or likes unshirred 'hell' better than 'sheol' in purple and fine linen? He moves his hearers. He holds in his hand the assembled thousands; and whether he preach forty minutes or two hours they hang on, obedient to his will! Let results decide the issue. Men of all grades and classes enjoy his sermons alike. They rise at five in the morning to prepare for his six o'clock service—men, women, and children, who, perhaps, have never seen the sun rise till now. And when the exhortation is delivered and 'Psalms of Victory' sung, they move forward from all parts of the tent, and 'those who came to scoff remain to pray.' The barkeeper and his patron, the gambler and his victim, the doctor and his patient, men and women, lawyer and client, good and bad, hardened age and tender childhood, till, within three days, at this meeting alone, three or four hundred have either professed religion or declared themselves penitent."

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, the "noble son of a noble line of sires," who was nominated for Governor of Virginia by the Democratic Convention assembled at Richmond on the 29th of July, was born at Clermont, Fairfax County, Va., November 19th, 1835, so that he is in the fiftieth year of his age. He is the son of the late Captain Sydney S. Lee, who resigned his commission in the United States Navy at the breaking out of the late Civil War and entered the service of the Confederate States Navy as Commodore. Captain S. S. Lee was a son of General Henry Lee ("Light Horse Harry" of Revolutionary fame), and consequently a brother of General Robert Edward Lee. The mother of General Fitzhugh Lee was a granddaughter of George Mason, author of the "Virginia Bill of Rights," and a sister of James M. Mason, who was United States Senator from Virginia for many years, who afterwards represented the Confederacy in England, and whose arrest on the high seas with John S. Galt, of Louisiana, on a British steamer flying the British colors, created such a commotion in diplomatic circles in 1863.

At the age of sixteen Fitzhugh Lee was appointed a cadet to West Point Military Academy, and graduated at the head of his class in horsemanship, in 1856. On July of the same year he was gazetted a brevet second lieutenant of cavalry, and assigned to the Fifth Regiment, the most noted in the service, and commanded at various times by Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Earl Van Dorn, Geo. H. Thomas, Wm. J. Hardee, John B. Hood, and many others of lesser note. Fitzhugh Lee was made a second lieutenant January 1st, 1858, and first lieutenant March 31st, 1861, when serving as an instructor of cavalry at West Point. On May 21st, 1861, he resigned and espoused the cause of the South in the impending conflict. While on the Western frontier Lieutenant Lee was seriously wounded in an engagement with the Comanches, but that was child's play compared with what he saw and experienced in the service of the "Lost Cause." A modest lieutenant in Beauregard's army at Manassas, he surrendered at Appomattox as a major-general, having acquired distinction as one of the most brilliant and dashing cavalry commanders of the war. At the battle of Winchester he was wounded in the thigh by a minié ball, and had three horses shot from under him. His wound confined him to his room for several months, but as soon as able he was again in the saddle and foremost in the conflict. Space here will not permit an enumeration of the hundreds of battles and "skirmishes" in which General Lee figured as a fighter and commander. In the first part of the Spring of 1865 he was placed in command of all the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, and was one of the three corps commanders with General Robert Edward Lee at the council of war at which it was decided to surrender their force to General Grant. After the surrender at Appomattox, General Lee devoted himself to farming in Stafford County, and has kept tilling the soil in that county ever since until within the last year or two, when he removed to Fairfax County, some five miles from Alexandria City. During the Yorktown Centennial, General Lee was in command of all the volunteer military that took part in celebration. About the 1st of June last, President Cleveland appointed him a member of the Board of Visitors of the West Point Military Academy. He enjoys great popularity throughout Virginia, and will be warmly supported by the party whose candidate he is in the present contest.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND BEATRICE'S MARRIAGE.

It will be remembered that at the wedding of Princess Beatrice the other day the Queen herself gave the bride away, although the official programme assigned this duty to the Prince of Wales. The reason of this change in the programme turns out to be that the Prince of Wales all along refused to take any part whatever in the ceremonies, and declined even to be present at his sister's marriage. His name was, however, placed in the programme without his knowledge, and in obedience to the imperative command of his royal mother he reluctantly consented to attend the wedding. Upon his arrival at Osborne House, Beatrice vainly begged the Prince to give away the bride, and the Queen added her commands with as little effect. The Prince declared that the match was beneath the dignity of the royal family, and the alliance worse even than that formed by the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne. If Beatrice must be given to an obscure

beggar, it should never be done with his consent, and certainly not by his act. At this juncture the Duke of Edinburgh, probably with an eye to his mother's hoarded millions, came forward and offered to officiate. He was promptly and effectually snubbed, however, by the Queen, who, doubtless seeing that the substitution of the Duke of Edinburgh for the Prince of Wales in so important and conspicuous a capacity would create immediate suspicion that a serious disruption had taken place in the family, decided to personally give the bride away. The courtiers were accordingly instructed to circulate the story that the Queen, anxious to give a crowning proof of her affection for her only remaining daughter, would personally give her away.

MAN-TARGETS.

A new industry has been started at the Rock Island Army and Arsenal by Colonel D. W. Flagler, the commandant. It is the manufacture of man-targets for use in the regular army. These targets are made of steel, and as near the form of an averaged-sized man as can be outlined with steel. They are made in three positions—upright, at a front, then in the position of firing with arms raised, as if holding a musket. Colonel Flagler himself invented the machine that works the steel into proper shape. The steel frame is covered with cloth in such a manner that a distance the resemblance of a man is marked—and what is important, it can be told just in what part the "man" is hit—arm, leg, breast, stomach, neck, shoulder or head. Four hundred of these steel targets are being made, requiring the use of 108,000 pounds of steel.

In the target practice they will be placed in squads, in platoons, in companies, and the various other forms in which soldiers move in the opening of an engagement. The practice will commence at a range of two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards, and then be gradually increased to long distances. The targets will be sent to military posts at which such practice can be best carried on. The only drawback to the effectiveness of this practice is in the fact that the steel man-targets cannot fire back; if they could, the soldiers who are firing at them might not be so expert.

BOOK NOTICE.

Messrs. C. A. Nichols & Co., of Springfield, Mass., have recently published "Europe in Storm and Calm," a new and exceedingly interesting book of 900 octavo pages, by Edward King, the well-known writer and European correspondent. Mr. King's residence abroad began in 1867, and has therefore covered a period of exceptional interest, politically and socially. A keen observer and a charming writer, the author describes most graphically the glory and the decline of the Second Empire of France, the out-cropping of revolution in Spain, the unification of Italy and of Germany, the Franco-German war, the declaration of the French Republic, the rise and fall of the Commune, the Russo-Turkish war, and innumerable pageants and stirring scenes of which he has been an eye-witness. Moreover, there are bright sketches of travel and society in France, Spain, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Turkey, Switzerland and Italy. The illustrations are a special feature of the book, many of them having been specially drawn for it by Felix Regamey, of Paris, and J. Wells Champney, of New York. A great many portraits of distinguished personages are included.

FUN.

HE WAS A PENHOLDER.—"Yes," replied Brown, "you always find me with a pen in my hand. I am a regular penholder, my boy!" "Let's see," said Smith, musingly—"a penholder is usually a stick, isn't it?"

"I trust the current of my discourse last Sunday was not sufficiently formidable to hubbessfully 'ruff you?' jocosely remarked a young clergyman to a lady member of his congregation the other evening. "Oh, no! It was quite shallow enough for comfortable wading, thank you!"

The following appeared in the editorial columns of the Salem (Mass.) *Observer*, and was written by one of the proprietors of that journal:

"The writer desires to call the attention of the readers of the *Observer* to an article known as 'Compound Oxygen,' manufactured and sold by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia. He speaks from personal knowledge, having sought relief from nervous prostration for a number of years by the methods ordinarily employed. Temporary relief was sometimes obtained, but nothing permanent was effected until he was induced to try 'Compound Oxygen.' The relief afforded by this remedy was so unconscious and effectual in its operation that even now it excites a feeling of wonder and mystery. The appetite was improved, sound and restful sleep was induced, and a general toning up of the whole system was the result, until my weight was greater than ever before, and where work had been for months a heavy burden it is now accomplished with comparative ease and pleasure. These results continue after a long abstinence from the use of Compound Oxygen."

"This is not a paid notice. It is written without the advice or knowledge of any one, in the interest of any reader of the *Observer* who may have been unable to obtain relief by the use of ordinary remedies. Any further information will be cheerfully given by the writer, or may be secured by addressing Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, who will send their treatise on Compound Oxygen free."

F. A. FIELDEN."

YOUNG WIFE—"I am determined to learn at what hour my husband comes home at night; yet do what I will I cannot keep awake, and he is always careful not to make a particle of noise. Is there any drug that produces wakefulness?" Old Wife—"No need to buy drugs. Sprinkle the floor with tacks."

The Old, Old Story.

WHY do we hear so much about dyspepsia? Simply because many people have it. Why are so many people talking about their cure from this dreadful disease? Simply because they have been taking Brown's Iron Bitters. Thus it is with Mrs. Taylor, of Lynchburg, Sumter Co., S. C., who says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia with most favorable results. I believe this medicine is all that is represented." Dyspepsia, and suffers from neuralgia, weakness, etc., should try it.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenla.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
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Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

DR. COLLINS'S successful treatment of the Opium and Morphine Habit for the past seventeen years warrants him in offering one thousand dollars reward to any one afflicted with the habit that he cannot cure painlessly. Address DR. SAMUEL B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, A RELIABLE ARTICLE.

DR. E. CUTTER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."

LIEUT. F. M. SYMONDS, U. S. N.,

SAYS: "By the use of Liebig Co.'s Arnicated Extract of Witch Hazel I cured myself of a severe and chronic catarrh." Also cures Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Varicose Ulcers and Veins.

"Oh, wad some power the gifle gie us To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

Few women want to appear sick, and yet how many we see with pain written on every feature, who have been suffering for months from female weakness, and who could easily cure themselves by the use of Dr. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION," to be found at any drug-store. This remedy is a specific for weak backs, nervous or neuralgic pains, and all that class of diseases known as "female complaints." Illustrated, large treatise on diseases of women, with most successful courses of self-treatment, sent for three letter-stamps. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

MAY be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE. The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and strength.

CHOLERA, Diphtheria, Fevers, Malaria, prevented by the use of REED & CARRICK'S SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE (Disinfectant). Recommended by the Public Health Association as *superior to all other disinfectants and germicides* everywhere. Send for Pamphlet, 182 Fulton Street, New York.

UNEQUALLED—DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

WARNING!

It is not to be wondered at that most Americans are dyspeptic. Swallowing ice-cold drinks on a hot summer day does the mischief. Why, then, not add ten drops of ANGIOTON BITTERS, the world-renowned tonic of exquisite flavor, and thus avoid all danger of cold in the stomach.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THOMAS CARLYLE,

THE great Scotch author, suffered all his life with dyspepsia, which made his own life miserable and caused his best and truest friends not a little pain because of his fretfulness. Dyspepsia generally arises from disease of the liver, and as Dr. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" cures all diseases of this great gland, it follows that while all cannot be Carlyles, even with dyspepsia, all can be free from the malady while emulating his virtues.

THE SPECIALTY OF THE COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION IS THE PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH WITH LAUGHING-GAS—THEIR INVENTION. OVER 145,960 OPERATIONS. SEE PATIENTS' NAMES ON THEIR SCROLL AT THEIR OFFICE, 19 COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

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WHY WILL ANY ONE SUFFER FROM CORNS when they can get a bottle of the "GERMAN CORN REMOVER"—a certain and painless remedy for both Corns and Bunions—of any Druggist for 25 cents. There are worthless imitations—similar in name. Be sure to get the "GERMAN CORN REMOVER" C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, New York. GLENN'S SHIP BUILDING IMPROVES THE SKIN.



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For the Toilet and Complexion. Keeps the skin soft and delicate and free from disfiguring eruptions. Modifies and checks wrinkling. Guaranteed free from harmful ingredients. Price One Dollar.

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First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 60 Walker St., and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

25 Years Test Proves Prof. Hall's Magic compound has no equal for forcing the beard or hair to grow on the smoothest face or baldest head. Safe and Sure. Price 25c. or 50c. per bottle. Sent postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address: PARSONS & CO., 147 Milk St., BOSTON, MASS.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



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A
POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
SKIN and BLOOD
DISEASE

FROM
PIMPLES TO SCROFULA

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cts.; Soap, 25 cts.; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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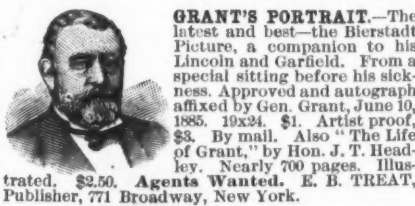
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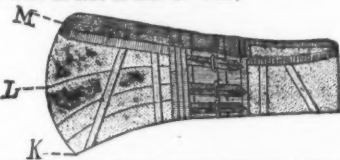
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Saturday, August 8, 1885.



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Coney Island Olympian Club ROLLER-SKATING RINK, Sea Beach Palace, Coney Island.

Admit Bearer to Rink, Saturday, August 8, 1885. Good on above date only.

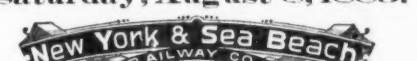
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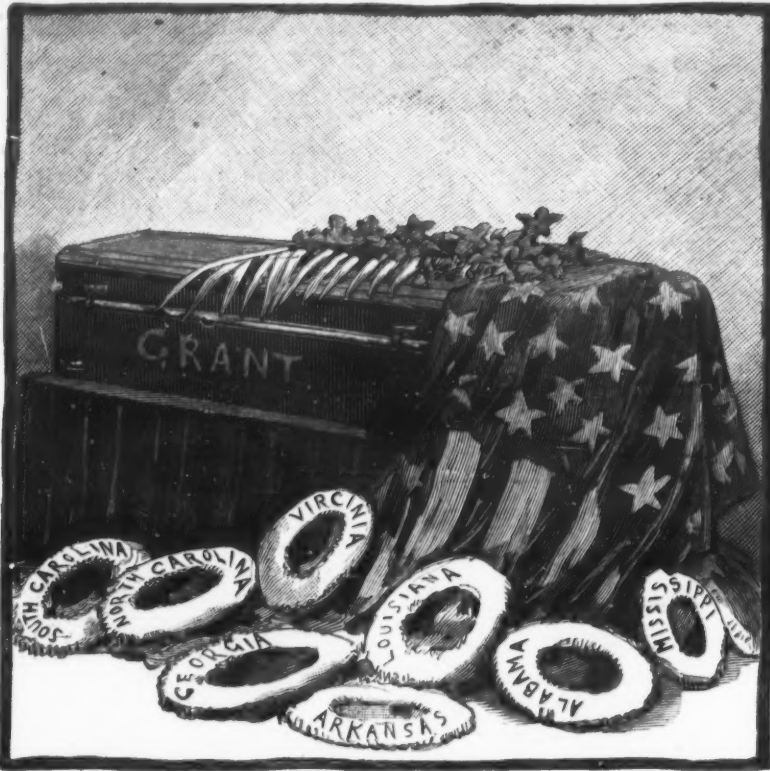
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Your "Crimper and Curler" works charmingly. Its effect causes universal admiration. They are most simple to use. I consider them worth a guinea apiece to those who devote much attention to the ever-changing arrangement of the Hair. L. LANGTRY.

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Dr. Scott's "Electric Curler" curls the Moustache and Beard most perfectly. My wife uses them in crimping her Hair, with pleasing results. COL. D. W. G.

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